

SUMMARY: *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier* is based on a privately printed poem, *The Debate Between Pride and Lowliness*. Collier attributed the poem to Francis Thynne; however the Freemans suggest that the attribution is a Collier forgery. See Freeman, Arthur and Janet Ing Freeman, *John Payne Collier: Scholarship and Forgery in the Nineteenth Century*, (New Haven, Yale University Press, 2004), Vol. I, pp. 287-8 at:

https://books.google.ca/books?id=GsbAgAAQBAJ&pg=PA287&lpg=PA287&dq=%22Debate+Between+Pride%22+%22Greene%22+-question+-remarkable&source=bl&ots=j1wvGYXUsK&sig=Tj_4nJxTr9MVi4vMusvxLWmUPbs&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwj9qrPlgPPLAhXDs4MKHS-2AGwQ6AEIHjAB#v=onepage&q&f=false.Freeman.

For Francis Thynne, see the *ODNB* entry, and the will of his father, William Thynne, TNA PROB 11/31/263.

The complicated background to Robert Greene's taunt against the Harveys in *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier* forms part of the Harvey-Nashe quarrel. In 1589, Robert Greene's *Menaphon* was published with a preface by a new writer, the young Thomas Nashe. In this preface, Nashe had the temerity to offer critical comment, mostly of a favourable nature, on a number of English writers. One of the writers mentioned in the preface was Gabriel Harvey, and it appears that the Harveys took umbrage because Nashe had not accorded him sufficient praise. In 1589, the year in which *Menaphon* was published, the Marprelate controversy was also in full swing, and an anonymous anti-Marprelate tract was published in that year entitled *Pap with an Hatchet*. This anonymous tract is generally attributed to John Lyly, and Harvey clearly thought it was written by Lyly. *Pap with an Hatchet* helped to ignite the Harvey-Nashe quarrel by means of a pointed reference in it to Gabriel Harvey's *Three Letters* of 1580 (which contained Harvey's disquisition on the earthquake of April 6, 1580) and the troubles which befell Harvey after its publication. The anonymous author of *Pap with an Hatchet* wrote: 'And one will we conjure up, that writing a familiar epistle about the natural causes of an earthquake, fell into the bowels of libelling, which made his ears quake for fear of clipping'. The author of *Pap with an Hatchet* then went on to say that he had been waiting for ten years to 'lamback' Harvey. This seems a rather pointless ambition for John Lyly, but a perfectly understandable one for Oxford, who must indeed have been waiting ten years for an opportunity to avenge the insults which had been bestowed on him by Harvey in 1578 and 1580.

Gabriel Harvey's response to *Pap with an Hatchet* seems to have been immediate. He wrote a very lengthy reply, the *Advertisement for Pap-hatchet and Martin Marprelate*, dated 5 November 1589. However, having written the *Advertisement*, Harvey did not publish it. He set it aside, and it was not printed until 1593 as part of his *Pierce's Supererogation*, which was published in the midst of the Harvey-Nashe quarrel. Thus, although Gabriel Harvey's reply to the taunt in *Pap with an Hatchet* was written immediately after the publication of *Pap*, it was not published until several years later. However, Gabriel Harvey's younger brother, Richard Harvey, rushed into print in 1589

with a book entitled *Plain Percival* in which he attacked Martin Marprelate, the anti-Martinists, and the author of *Pap with an Hatchet*, whom he called 'the cook ruffian, that dressed a dish for Martin's diet'.

Richard Harvey then followed up *Plain Percival* with another intemperate and withering blast in his epistle to another book entitled *The Lamb of God*, entered in the Stationers' Register on 23 October 1589 and published in 1590. In the epistle, Richard Harvey attacked Martin Marprelate and John Lyly, and took Nashe severely to task for the preface to *Menaphon*. In the epistle, Richard Harvey says of Martin:

. . . a ridiculous mad fellow . . . Martin cannot be content to be vain, fantastical, and fond in his bald ridiculous vein, but he will needs be absurdly arrogant, notoriously seditious, and intolerably odious. . . . A busy fellow, a spiteful railer, an odious jester, a factious head, a contentious wit, a seditious commotioner, a most insolent libeller, in brief, one of the most pernicious and intolerable writers that ever I had read in our language. . . . I will not call him a steal-counter, or a water-drinker, but where he is best known, he was never thought but a scarecrow, or bull-beggar. He calleth others fools and asses, but he proveth himself . . . a notorious fool, and arrant knave. (McKerrow, v. 5, pp. 177, 179)

Of Nashe's comments on writers in the preface to *Menaphon*, Richard Harvey says, with heavy sarcasm:

. . . that the jolly man will needs be playing the doughty Martin in his kind, and limit every man's commendation according to his fancy, profound, no doubt, and exceeding learned, as the world now goeth in such worthy works. (McKerrow, v. 5, p. 180)

If Oxford was Marprelate and/or if Oxford was Nashe, one can imagine his blood boiling as he read this epistle to *The Lamb of God*.

Moreover, Oxford's blood would not have been boiling against Richard Harvey alone. The style of Richard Harvey's comments about Martin Marprelate very much resembles Gabriel Harvey's inimitable writing style, and Nashe/Oxford was convinced that Gabriel Harvey was an anonymous co-author of the epistle to *The Lamb of God* (1590). In *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, Nashe/Oxford claims that Gabriel Harvey and his brother Richard *together* wrote the epistle to *The Lamb of God*, although the book was published under Richard Harvey's name alone. Nashe/Oxford says:

. . . that Master Lyly never procured Greene or me to write against him, but it was his [i.e. Gabriel Harvey's] own first seeking and beginning in *The Lamb of God*, where he and his brother [Richard] (that loves dancing so well), scumbered out betwixt them an epistle to the readers against all poets and writers, & M. Lyly and me by name he beruffianized &

berascalled, compared to Martin [Marprelate], & termed us piperly make-plays and makebates, yet bade us hold our peace, & not be so hardy as to answer him, for if we did, he would make a bloody day in Paul's Churchyard, & splinter our pens till they straddled again as wide as a pair of compasses. Further be it known unto you, that before this I praised him (after a sort) in an epistle in Greene's *Menaphon*.
(McKerrow, v. 3, p. 130)

After all these insults and counter-insults, the Harvey/Oxford quarrel was ready to break out in full force. However, despite the provocation by the Harveys, Oxford did nothing for two years until the publication of Robert Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* in 1592, which contained the insult that pushed Gabriel Harvey over the edge.

Why did Oxford not respond in 1589/90? When one considers his situation at that time, it seems that discretion was the better part of valour. Oxford was probably going through the worst period of his entire life. His wife Anne had died in 1588, he was completely ruined financially, his children were being raised by others, and, if he was Martin Marprelate, he was in serious danger had his identity been discovered. He was writing feverishly under a variety of pen-names (mostly satire), perhaps partly as a way of getting through this difficult time. In any event, he lay low insofar as the Harveys were concerned until July, 1592.

In 1592, Greene/Oxford and Nashe/Oxford finally struck back directly at the Harveys.

The first blow (by Greene/Oxford) was a relatively mild one, but it hit Gabriel Harvey where it hurt, perhaps more so than Greene/Oxford could ever have calculated, because Gabriel Harvey was ashamed of his lowly origins as the son of a rope-maker, whereas Greene/Oxford and Nashe/Oxford thought that aspect of the matter of little importance.

In the midst of a tract which was otherwise entirely unconcerned with the Harveys, *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, entered in the Stationers' Register on 20 July 1592, Greene/Oxford inserted the following passage:

The rope-maker replied that honestly journeying by the way he acquainted himself with the collier, & for no other cause pretended. And whither are you a-going, qd. I? Marry sir, qd. he, first to absolve your question, I dwell in Saffron Walden and am going to Cambridge to three sons that I keep there at school, such apt children, sir, as few women have groaned for, and yet they have ill luck. The one, sir, [Richard] is a divine to comfort my soul, & he indeed, though he be a vainglorious ass as divers youths of his age be, is well given to the show of the world and writ alate The Lamb of God, and yet his parishioners say he is the limb of the devil and kisseth their wives with holy kisses, but they had rather he should keep his lips for Madge, his mare. The second, sir, [John] is a physician or a fool, but indeed a physician, & had proved a proper man if he had not spoiled himself

with his Astrological Discourse of the terrible conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter. For the eldest, [Gabriel], he is a civilian, a wondrous-witted fellow, sir-reverence sir, he is a Doctor, and as Tubalcain was the first inventor of music, so he, God's benison light upon him, was the first that invented English hexameter, but see how in these days learning is little esteemed: for that and other familiar letters and proper treatises he was orderly clapped in the Fleet, but sir, a hawk and a kite may bring forth a kestrel, and honest parents may have bad children. Honest with the devil, qd. the collier, etc. (McKerrow, v. 5, Supplement, pp. 75-6)

The reference to Harvey's 'English hexameters' and to the matters in *Three Letters* which landed Gabriel Harvey in the Fleet is very pointed. *Three Letters* had obviously rankled with Greene/Oxford.

This passage in *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* threw Gabriel Harvey into a rage, and he journeyed to London at the end of August 1592 on matters of family business (see McKerrow, v. 5, p. 80), but also, according to his own testimony, with the intention of suing Greene (not knowing, of course, that Greene was a pen-name of Oxford's).

Harvey's arrival in London for that avowed purpose must have posed a perplexing problem for Oxford. What to do? The pen-name would be exposed if Harvey launched a libel suit against Robert Greene, and that might be inconvenient since Oxford had of recent years moved from writing light prose romances under the Greene pen-name to writing social satire such as the cony-catching tracts. People would be shocked to learn that Greene was really the 17th Earl of Oxford. The solution? Quickly kill the pen-name off, and find another. Hence, *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (1592).

Greene terms himself the 'dutiful adopted son' of his dedicatee, Thomas Burnaby, esquire. The nature of their relationship has never been established.

Greene had earlier dedicated *Greene's Never Too Late* (1590) and *Francesco's Fortunes* (1590) to Burnaby, terming him 'a Maecenas of learning', and in the dedication below Greene describes Burnaby as a pillar of Northamptonshire:

At last I called to mind your worship, and thought you the fittest of all my friends, both for the duty that I owe and the worshipful qualities you are endued withal, as also for that all Northamptonshire reports how you are a father of the poor, a supporter of ancient hospitality, an enemy to pride, and, to be short, a maintainer of Cloth-breeches (I mean of the old and worthy customs of the gentility and yeomanry of England).

This suggests that Greene's dedicatee was Thomas Burnaby of Watford, Northamptonshire, who died in 1609-10 (see Richardson, Douglas, *Plantagenet Ancestry*, 2nd ed., 2011, p. 664):

<https://books.google.ca/books?id=8JcbV309c5UC&pg=PA349&lpg=PA349&dq=%22Richard+Burnaby%22+%22Watford%22&source=bl&ots=kvmJMUGU55&sig=R6->

oz_XZUVQuuZmztcuzFs7RNRc&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwiQteLG0bbLAhVPwGMKHZ7xAgsQ6AEIJDAD#v=onepage&q=%22Richard%20Burnaby%22%20%22Watford%22&f=false.

See also:

<http://watfordvillage.weebly.com/the-lords-of-watford.html>

Thomas Burnaby (1558 - 1609) Born at Watford, he married Elizabeth Sapcott (1560-1598), daughter of Edward Sapcott of Lincoln, Lincolnshire. They had eleven children, Sons: Sir Richard Burnaby (1573 - ?), William, Edward, George, Giles, Francis and Thomas (Jnr). Daughters: Anne - who became the wife of Robert Kirkby. Susanna (1585-1631) and became the wife of Stephen Agard of Broughton, Northamptonshire. Her second husband was Thomas Eyton. Elizabeth - who became the wife of Thomas Mills, Mary - who married ____? Miller. Thomas Burnaby died in 1609 in Dorset.

According to REED, Thomas Burnaby was master bearward to Queen Elizabeth. See:

<https://reed.library.utoronto.ca/node/291459>

and:

<https://reed.library.utoronto.ca/node/291460>.

See also REED at:

[jps.library.utoronto.ca/index.php/reed/article/download/9975/6921](https://reed.library.utoronto.ca/index.php/reed/article/download/9975/6921)

Thomas Burnaby was master bearward to the queen c 1590-4. Thus this bearward might have been an under officer or deputy of the master bearward.

See also the documents referenced at 'How to Track a Bear in Southwark', including the indenture between 'Thomas Burnaby of Watford in the county of Northampton, esquire, of the one party, and Richard Reve' at:

<https://trackabear.library.utoronto.ca/>

and:

https://trackabear.library.utoronto.ca/search?query=Burnaby&submit_search=Search.

See also:

'The Bankside Playhouses and Bear Gardens', in Survey of London: Volume 22, Bankside (The Parishes of St. Saviour and Christchurch Southwark), ed. Howard Roberts

and Walter H Godfrey (London, 1950), pp. 66-77 <http://www.british-history.ac.uk/survey-london/vol22/pp66-77> [accessed 12 March 2016].

Thomas Burnaby bought a lease of the Bear Garden on the Bishop of Winchester's property in 1590 and promptly let it to Richard Reve for a yearly rent of £120 under the description of, (fn. 149) "All that Tenemente whearein one John Napton deceased did latelie inhabyte ... on the Banke syde ... Together With the Beare garden and the Scaffoldes houses game and dogges and all other thinges thereunto apperteyninge ... excepting such fees as shal be ... payable to the maister of the said game." (fn. n4) The schedule of stock included three bulls, nine bears, a horse and an ape.

In 1592 Edward Alleyn, who later founded Dulwich College and who was already a well-known actor, married Joan Woodward, stepdaughter of Philip Henslowe, manager of the Rose Playhouse, (fn. 90) and the two men began a profitable business connection. In 1594 Alleyn bought Burnaby's interest in the Bear Garden for £200, (fn. 151).

A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER

Or

A quaint dispute between Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches

Wherein is plainly set down the disorders in all estates and trades

London

Imprinted by John Wolfe, and are to be sold at his shop at Paul's Chain

1592

To the right worshipful Thomas Burnaby, Esquire, Robert Greene wisheth heart's ease
and heaven's bliss.

Sir, after I had ended this *Quip For An Upstart Courtier* containing a quaint dispute between Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, wherein under a dream I shadowed the abuses that pride had bred in England, how it had infected the court with aspiring envy, the city with griping covetousness, and the country with contempt and disdain, how since men placed their delights in proud looks and brave attire, hospitality was left off, neighbourhood was exiled, conscience was scoffed at, and charity lay frozen in the streets, how upstart gentlemen for the maintenance of that their fathers never looked after, raised rents, racked their tenants, and imposed great fines, I stood in a maze to whom I should dedicate my labours, knowing I should be bitten by many sithence I had touched many, and therefore need some worthy patron under whose wings I might shroud myself from Goodman Find-fault. At last I called to mind your worship, and thought you the fittest of all my friends, both for the duty that I owe and the worshipful qualities you are endued withal, as also for that all Northamptonshire reports how you are a father of the poor, a supporter of ancient hospitality, an enemy to pride, and, to be short, a maintainer of Cloth-breeches (I mean of the old and worthy customs of the gentility and yeomanry of England). Induced by these reasons I humbly present this phamplet [sic] to your worship, only craving you will accept it as courteously as I present it dutifully, and then I have the end of my desire, and so resting in hope of your favourable acceptance, I humbly take my leave,

Your dutiful adopted son,

Robert Greene.

To the gentlemen readers, health.

Gentle gentlemen, I hope Cloth-breeches shall find your gentle censures of this homely apology of his ancient prerogatives, sith though he speaks against Velvet-breeches, which you wear, yet he twits not the weed but the vice, not the apparel when 'tis worthily worn, but the unworthy person that wears it, who sprang of a peasant will use any sinister means to climb to preferment, being then so proud as the fop forgets like the ass that a mule was his father. For ancient gentility and yeomanry Cloth-breeches attempteth this quarrel, and hopes of their favour; for upstarts he is half careless, & the more because he knows whatsoever some think privately, they will be no public carpers, lest by kicking where they are touched, they bewray their galled backs to the world, and by starting up to find fault, prove themselves upstarts and fools. So then poor Cloth-breeches sets down his rest on the courtesy of gentle gentlemen and bold yeomen, that they will suffer him to take no wrong. But suppose the worst, that he should be frowned at, and that such occupations as he hath upon conscience discarded from the jury should commence an action of unkindness against him, he'll prove it not to hold plea because all the debate was but a dream. And so hoping all men will merrily take it, he stands solemnly leaning on his pikestaff till he hear what you conceive of him for being so peremptory. If well, he swears to crack his hose at the knees to quit your courtesy. If hardly, he hath vowed that whatsoever he dreams, never to blab it again, and so he wisheth me humbly to bid you farewell.

A QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER

It was just at that time when the cuckold's chorister began to bewray April, gentlemen, with his never-changed notes, that I, damped with a melancholy humour, went into the fields to cheer up my wits with the fresh air, where solitary seeking to solace myself, I fell in a dream, and in that drowsy slumber I wandered into a vale all tapestried with sweet and choice flowers; there grew many simples whose virtues taught men to be subtle, & to think nature by her weeds warned men to be wary, and by their secret properties to check wanton and sensual imperfections. Amongst the rest there was the yellow daffodil, a flower fit for jealous dotterels who through the beauty of their honest wives grow suspicious, & so prove themselves in the end cuckold heretics; there budded out the chequered pansy or partly-coloured hearts-ease, an herb seldom seen, either of such men as are wedded to shrews or of such women that have hasty husbands, yet there it grew, and as I stepped to gather it, it slipped from me like Tantalus' fruit that fails their master. At last, wondering at this secret quality, I learned that none can wear it, be they kings, but such as desire no more than they are born to, nor have their wishes above their fortunes. Upon a bank bordering by grew women's weeds, fennel I mean, for flatterers, fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens they wish wantonly, while they are wives they will wilfully, while they are widows they would willingly, and yet all these proud desires are but close dissemblings. Near adjoining sprouted out the courtier's comfort, thyme, an herb that many stumble on and yet overslip, whose rank savour and thick leaves have this peculiar property, to make a snail if she taste of the sap as swift as a swallow, yet joined with this prejudice, that if she climb too hastily, she falls too suddenly. Methought I saw divers young courtiers tread upon it with high disdain, but as they passed away, an adder lurking there bit them by the heels that they wept, and then I might perceive certain clowns in clouted-shoon gather it, & eat of it with greediness, which no sooner was sunk into their maws but they were metamorphosed, and looked as proudly, though peasants, as if they had been born to be princes' companions.

Amongst the rest of these changelings whom the taste of thyme had thus altered, there was some that lifted their heads so high as if they had been bred to look no lower than stars; they thought *Noli altum sapere* was rather the saying of a fool than the censure of a philosopher, and therefore stretched themselves on their tiptoes as if they had been akindred to the Lord Tiptoft, and began to disdain their equals, scorn their inferiors, and even their betters, forgetting now that thyme had taught them to say Mass, how before they had played the clerk's part to say Amen to the priest. Tush, then they were not so little as gentlemen, and their own conceit was the herald to blazon their descent from an old house, whose great-grandfathers would have been glad of a new cottage to hide their heads in. Yet as the peacock wrapped in the pride of his beauteous feathers is known to be but a dunghill bird by his foul feet, so though the high looks and costly suits argue to the eyes of the world they were cavaliers of great worship, yet the churlish illiberality of their minds bewrayed their fathers were not above three pounds in the king's books at a subsidy, but as these upstart changelings went strutting like *Philopolimarchides*, the braggart in Plautus, they looked so proudly at the same that they stumbled on a bed of rue that grew at the bottom of the bank where the thyme was planted, which fall upon the dew of so bitter an herb taught them that such proud peacocks as over-hastily out-run

their fortunes at last too speedily fall to repentance, and yet some of them smiled and said rue was called herb-grace, which though they scorned in their youth they might wear in their age, & it was never too late to say *Miserere*. As thus I stood musing at this thyme-born broad [sic], they vanished away like Cadmus' copesmates that sprang by [sic] of vipers' teeth, so that casting mine eye aside after them, I saw where a crew of all estates were gathering flowers; what kind they were of I knew not, but precious I guessed them in that they plucked them with greediness, so that I drew towards them to be partaker of their profits; coming nearer I might see the weed they so wrangled for was a little dapper flower like a ground honeysuckle called thrift, praised generally of all, but practiced for distillation but of few amongst the crew that seemed covetous of this herb; there was a troop of old greybeards in velvet, satin, and worsted jackets that stooped as nimbly to pluck it up by the roots as if their joints had been suppled in the oil of misers' skins; they spared no labour & pains to get and gather, and what they got they gave to certain young boys and girls that stood behind them with their skirts and laps open to receive it, among whom some scattered it as fast as their fathers gathered it, wasting and spoiling it at their pleasure which their fathers got with labour.

I thought them to be some herbalists or some apothecaries that had employed such pains to extract some rare quintessence out of this flower, but one standing by told me they were cormorants and usurers that gathered it to fill their coffers with; & whereto (quoth I) is it precious? what is the virtue of it? marry (quoth he), to qualify the heat of insatiable minds that like the serpent dipsas never drinketh enough till they are so full they burst; why then, said I, the devil burst them all, and with that I fell into a great laughter to see certain Italianate cantes [sic?], humorous cavaliers, youthful gentlemen, and *inamorati gagliardi* that scornfully plucked of it and wore it awhile as if they were weary of it, and at last left it as too base a flower to put in their nosegays. Others that seemed *homini di grand istima* by their looks and their walks, gathered earnestly and did pocket it up as if they meant to keep it carefully, but as they were carrying it away there met them a troop of nice wantons, fair women that like to lamiae had faces like angels, eyes like stars, breasts like the golden front [sic] in the Hesperides, but from the middle downwards their shapes like serpents. These with siren-like allurements so enticed these quaint squires that they bestowed all their flowers upon them for favours, they themselves walking home by beggar's-bush for a penance. Amongst this crew were lawyers, and they gathered the devil and all, but poor poets were thrust back and could not be suffered to have one handful to put amongst their withered garlands of bays to make them glorious. But Hob and John of the country, they stepped in churlishly in their high startups and gathered whole sackfuls, insomuch they wore besoms of thrift in their hats like fore-horses or the lusty gallants in a morris-dance; seeing the crew thus to wrangle for so paltry a weed I went alone to take one of all the other fragrant flowers that diapered this valley; thereby I saw the bachelor's buttons, whose virtue is to make wanton maidens weep when they have worn it forty weeks under their aprons for a favour.

Next them grew the dissembling daisy, to warn such light of love wenches not to trust every fair promise that such amorous bachelors make them, but sweet smells breed bitter repentance. Hard by grew the true lover's primrose, whose kind savour wisheth men to be faithful and women courteous. Alongst in a border grew maidenhair, fit for modest

maidens to behold, and immodest to blush at, because it praiseth the one for their natural tresses and condemneth the other for their beastly and counterfeit periwigs; there was the gentle gillyflower that wives should wear if they were not too froward, and loyal lavender, but that was full of cuckoo-spits to show that women's light thoughts make their husbands heavy heads; there were sweet lilies God's plenty, which showed fair virgins need not weep for wooers, and store of balm which could cure strange wounds, only not that wound which women receive when they lose their maidenheads, for no herb hath virtue enough to scrape out that blot, and therefore it is the greater blemish. Infinite were the flowers beside that beautified the valley, that to know their names and operations I needed some curious herbal, but I pass them over as needless sith the vision of their virtues was but a dream, and therefore I wish no man to hold any discourse herein authentical, yet thus much I must say for a parting blow, that at the lower end of the dale I saw a great many of women using high words to their husbands, some striving for the breeches, other to have the last word, some fretting they could not find a knot in a rush, others striving whether it were wool or hair the goat bare; questioning with one that I met why these women were so choleric, he like a scoffing fellow pointed to a bush of nettles; I, not willing to be satisfied with signs, asked him what he meant thereby. Marry (quoth he), all these women that you hear brawling, frowning, and scolding thus have severally pissed on this bush of nettles, and the virtue of them is to force a woman that waters them to be as peevish for a whole day, & as waspish, as if she had been stung in the brow with a hornet. Well, I smiled at this and left the company to seek further, when in the twinkling of an eye I was left alone, the valley cleared of all company, and I a distressed man desirous to wander out of that solitary place to seek good consorts & boon companions to pass away the day withal. As thus I walked forward, seeking up the hill, I was driven half into a maze with the imagination of a strange wonder which fell out thus: methought I saw an uncouth headless thing come pacing down the hill, stepping so proudly with a geometrical grace as if some artificial braggart had resolved to measure the world with his paces; I could not descry it to be a man although it had motion, for that it wanted a body, yet seeing legs and hose, I supposed it to be some monster nourished up in those deserts; at last, as it drew more nigh unto me, I might perceive that it was a very passing costly pair of velvet breeches, whose panes, being made of the chiefest Neapolitan stuff, was drawn out with the best Spanish satin, and marvellous curiously over-whipped with gold twist interseamed with knots of pearl; the netherstock was of the purest Granado silk; no cost was spared to set out these costly breeches, who had girt unto them a rapier and dagger gilt, point pendent, as quaintly as if some curious Florentine had tricked them up to square it up and down the streets before his mistress. As these breeches were exceeding sumptuous to the eye, so were they passing pompous in their gestures, for they strutted up and down the valley as proudly as though they had there appointed to act some desperate combat.

Blame me not if I were driven into a muse with this most monstrous sight, to see in that place such a strange headless courtier jetting up and down like the usher of a fence-school about to play his prize, when I deem never in any age such a wonderful object fortun'd unto any man before. Well, the greater dump this novelty drave me into, the more desire I had to see what event would follow, whereupon looking about to see if that any more company would come, I might perceive from the top of the other hill another

pair of breeches more soberly marching, and with a softer pace as if they were not too hasty and yet would keep promise nevertheless at the place appointed. As soon as they were come into the valley I saw they were a plain pair of cloth breeches without either welt or guard, straight to the thigh, of white kersey, without a slop, the netherstock of the same, sewed to above the knee, and only seamed with a little country blue such as *in diebus illis* our great-grandfathers wore when neighbourhood and hospitality had banished pride out of England. Nor were these plain breeches weaponless, for they had a good sour(?) bat with a pike in the end, able to lay on load enough if the heart were answerable to the weapon, and upon this staff pitched down upon the ground Cloth-breeches stood solemnly leaning as if they meant not to start, but to answer to the uttermost whatsoever in that place might be objected. Looking upon these two, I might perceive by the pride of the one and the homely resolution of the other that this their meeting would grow to some dangerous conflict, and therefore to prevent the fatal issue of such a pretended quarrel, I stepped between them both, when Velvet-breeches greeted Cloth-breeches with this salutation. Proud and insolent peasant, how darest thou without leave or low reverence press into the place whither I am come for to disport myself? Art thou not afraid thy high presumption should summon me to displeasure, and so force me draw my rapier, which is never unsheathed but it turns into the scabbard with a triumph of mine enemy's blood? bold Bayard, avaunt, beard me not to my face; for this time I pardon thy folly and grant thy legs leave to carry away thy life. Cloth-breeches, nothing amazed at this bravado, bending his staff as if he meant (if he were wronged) to bestow his benison, with a scornful kind of smiling made this smooth reply: Marry, gip, goodman upstart, who made your father a gentleman? soft fire makes sweet malt, the curstest cow hath the shortest horns, and a brawling cur of all bites the least; alas, good sir, are you so fine that no man may be your fellow; I pray you, what difference is between you and me but in the cost and the making? though you be never so richly daubed with gold and powdered with pearl, yet you are but a case for the buttocks and a cover for the basest part of a man's body no more than I; the greatest pre-eminence is in the garnishing, and thereof you are proud, but come to the true use we were appointed to, my honour is more than thine, for I belong to the old ancient yeomanry, yea, and gentility, the fathers, and thou to a company of proud and unmannerly upstarts, the sons. At this Velvet-breeches stormed and said: Why, thou beggar's brat descended from the reversion of base poverty; is thy insolency so great to make comparison with me, whose difference is as great as the brightness of the sun and the slender light of a candle? I (poor snake) am sprung from the ancient Romans, born in Italy, the mistress of the world for chivalry, called into England from my native home (where I was famous) to honour your country and young gentlemen here in England with my countenance, where I am holden in high regard that I can press into the presence when thou, poor soul, shalt with cap and knee beg leave of the porter to enter, and I sit and dine with the nobility when thou art fain to wait for the reversion of the alms-basket; I am admitted boldly to tell my tale when thou art fain to sue by means of supplication, and that, and thou too, so little regarded that most commonly it never comes to the prince's hand, but dies imprisoned in some obscure pocket; sith then there is such difference between our estates, cease to urge my patience with thy insolent presumption. Cloth-breeches, as brief as he was proud, swore by the pike of his staff that his chop-logic was not worth a pin, and that he would turn his own weapon into his bosom thus: Why Signor Glorioso (quoth he), though I have

not such glozing phrase to trick out my speeches withal as you, yet I will come over your fallows with this bad rhetoric; I pray you, Monsieur Malapert, are you therefore my superior because you are taken up with gentlemen, and I with the yeomanry? Doth true virtue consist in riches, or humanity in wealth? is ancient honour tied to outward bravery, or not rather true nobility a mind excellently qualified with rare virtues? I will teach thee a lesson worth the hearing, proud princex, how gentility first sprung up; I will not forget the old wives' logic, *When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then a gentleman*, but I tell thee, after the general flood, that there was no more men upon the earth but Noah & his three sons, and that Cham had wickedly discovered his father's secrets, then grew the division of estates thus: the church was figured in Sem, gentility in Japheth, and labour and drudgery in Cham, Sem being chaste and holy, Japheth learned and valiant, Cham churlish and servile; yet did not the curse extend so far upon Cham nor the blessing upon Japheth but if the one altered his nature & became either endued with learning or valour he might be a gentleman, or if the other degenerated from his ancient virtues he might be held a peasant, whereupon Noah inferred that gentility grew not only by propagation of nature but by perfection of qualities. Then is your worship wide that boast of your worth for your gold and pearl sith *Cucullus not facit monachum* nor a velvet slop make a sloven a gentleman, and whereas thou sayest thou wert born in Italy & called hither by our courtiers, him may we curse that brought thee first into England, for thou camest not alone, but accompanied with a multitude of abominable vices, hanging to thy bombast nothing but infectious abuses, as vainglory, self-love, sodomy, and strange poisonings wherewith thou hast infected this glorious island; yea, insolent braggart, thou hast defiled thine own nest, and fatal was the day of thy birth, for since the time of thy hatching in Italy, as then famous for chivalry and learning, the imperial state through thy pride hath decayed, and thou hast like the young pelican pecked at thy mother's breast with thy presumption, causing them to lose that their forefathers with true honour conquered; so hast thou been the ruin of the Roman empire, and now fatally art thou come into England to attempt here the like subversion. Whereas thou dost boast that I am little regarded where thou art highly accounted of, and hast sufferance to press into the presence when I am for my simpleness shut out of door, I grant thy allegation in part, but not in whole, for men of high wisdom and honour measure not men by the outward show of bravery but by the inward worth and honesty, and so though I am disdained of a few overweening fools, I am valued as well as thyself with the wise. In that thou sayest thou canst speak when I sue by supplication, I grant it, but the tale thou tellest is to the ruin of the poor, for coming into high favour with an impudent face, what farm is there expired whose lease thou dost not beg, what forfeit of penal statutes, what concealed lands can overslip thee; yea, rather than thy bravery should fail, beg polling-pence for the very smoke that comes out of poor men's chimneys; shamest thou not, uplandish upstart, to hear me discourse thy imperfections? get thee home again into thy own country, and let me as I was wont live famous in my native home in England where I was born and bred, yea, and bearded Caesar thy countryman till he compassed the conquest by treason. The right and title in this country, base brat? (qd. Velvet-breeches) now authority favours me; I am admitted viceroy, & I will make thee do me homage, & confess that thou holdest thy being and residence in my land from the gracious favour of my sufferance, and with that he laid hold on the hilts of his rapier, and Cloth-breeches betook him to his staff, when I stepping betwixt them parted them thus. Why, what mean ye? will you decide your controversy

by blows when you may debate it by reason? this is a land of peace governed by true justiciaries & honourable magistrates where you shall have equity without partiality, and therefore listen to me & discuss the matter by law; your quarrel is whether of you are most ancient and most worthy; you, sir, boast of your country and parentage, he of his native birth in England; you claim all, he would have but his own; both plead an absolute [sic] title of residence in this country; then must the course between you be trespass or disseisin of frank-tenement; you, Velvet-breeches, in that you claim the first title, you shall be plaintiff, and plead a trespass of disseisin done you by Cloth-breeches; so shall it be brought to a jury, and tried by a verdict of twelve or four and twenty. Tush, tush, quoth Velvet-breeches, I neither like to be plaintiff nor yet allow of a jury, for they may be partial, and so condemn me in mine own action, for the country swains cannot value of my worth, nor can mine honours come within the compass of their base wits; because I am a stranger in this land, & but here lately arrived, they will hold me as an upstart, & so lightly esteem of my worthiness, and for my adversary is their countryman and less chargeable, he shall have the law mitigated if a jury of hinds or peasants should be empanelled; if ancient gentlemen, yeomen, or plain ministers should be of the quest, I were sure to lose the day because they loathe me in that I have persuaded so many landlords, for the maintenance of my bravery, to raise their rents. You seek a knot in a rush (qd. I); you need not doubt of that, for whom you distrust and think not indifferent, him you upon a cause manifested, challenge from your jury. If your law allow such large favour (quoth Velvet-breeches), I am content my title be tried by a jury, and therefore let mine adversary plead me *Nul tort, nul disseisin*. Cloth-breeches was content with this, and so they both agreed I should be judge and juror in this controversy, whereupon I wished them to say for themselves what they could, that I might discourse to the jury what reasons they alleged of their titles; then Velvet-breeches began thus. I cannot but grieve that I should be thus outfaced with a carter's weed only fit for husbandry, seeing I am the original of all honourable endeavours; to what end doth youth bestow their wits on law, physic, or theology were it not the end they aim at is the wearing of me and winning of preferment? honour nourisheth art, and for the regard of dignity do learned men strive to exceed in their faculty.

*Impiger extremos currit mercator ad indos,
Per mare, per saxa, etc.*

What drives the merchants to seek foreign marts, to venture their goods and hazard their lives? not if still the end of their travels were a pair of cloth breeches; no, velvet costly attire, curious and quaint apparel, is the spur that pricks them forward to attempt such danger. Doth not the soldiers fight to be brave, the lawyer study to countenance himself with cost? the artificer takes pains only for my sake, that wearing me he may brag it amongst the best; what credit carries he now-a-days that goes pinned up in a cloth breech? who will keep him company that thinks well of himself unless he use the simple slave to make clean his shoon? the worlds are changed, and men are grown to more wit, and their minds to aspire after more honourable thoughts; they were dunces *in diebus illis*; they had not the true use of gentility, and therefore they lived meanly and died obscurely, but now men's capacities are refined; time hath set a new edge on gentlemen's humours, and they show them as they should be, not like gluttons as their fathers did, in

chines of beef and alms to the poor, but in velvets, satins, cloth of gold, pearl, yea, pearl lace, which scarce Caligula wore on his birthday, and to this honourable humour have I brought these gentlemen since I came from Italy; what is the end of service to a man but to countenance himself and credit his master with brave suits? the scurvy tapsters and ostlers *fex populi* fill pots and rub horse heels to prank themselves with my glory; alas, were it not to wear me, why would so many apply themselves to extraordinary idleness? Beside, I make fools be revered and thought wise amongst the common sort; I am a severe censor to such as offend the law, provided there be a penalty annexed that may bring in some profit; yea, by me the chiefest part of the realm is governed, and therefore I refer my title to the verdict of any men of judgement. To this mildly Cloth-breeches answered thus.

As I have had always that honest humour in me to measure all estates by their virtues, not by their apparel, so did I never grudge at the bravery of any whom birth, time, place, or dignity made worthy of such costly ornaments, but if by the favour of their prince and their own deserts they merited them, I held both lawful and commendable to answer their degrees in apparel correspondent unto their dignities; I am not so precise directly to inveigh against the use of velvet, whether in breeches or in other suits, nor will I have men go like John Baptist in coats of camel's hair. Let princes have their diadems, and Caesar what is due to Caesar; let noblemen go as their birth requires, and gentlemen as they are born or bear office; I speak in mine own defence for the ancient gentility and yeomanry of England, and inveigh against none but such malapert upstart [sic?] as, raised up from the plow or advanced for their Italian devises or for their witless wealth, covet in bravery to match, nay to exceed, the greatest noblemen in this land.

But leaving this digression, Monsieur Velvet-breeches, again to the particulars of your fond allegation. Whereas you affirm yourself to be both original and final end of learning, alas, proud princox, you perch a bough too high; did all the philosophers beat their brains and busy their wits to wear velvet breeches? Why both at that time thou wert unknown, yea, unborn, and all excess in apparel had in high contempt, and now in these days all men of worth are taught by reading that excess is a great sin, that pride is the first step to the downfall of shame. They study with Tully that they may seem born for their countries as well as for themselves, the divine to [preach the gospel, the lawyer to reform wrongs and maintain] justice, the physician to discover the secrets of God's wonders by working strange cures; to be brief, the end of all being as [sic] to know God, and not as your worship, good Master Velvet-breeches, wrests, to creep into acquaintance.

I will not deny but there be as fantastical fools as yourself that perhaps are puffed up with such presuming thoughts, and ambitiously aim to trick themselves in your worship's masking suits, but while such climb for great honours, they often fall to great shames. It may be thereupon you bring in *Honos alit Artes*, but I guess your mastership never tried what true honour meant, that truss it up within the compass of a pair of velvet breeches and place it in the arrogancy of the heart; no, no; say [sic?] honour is idolatry, for they make fools of themselves, and idols of their carcasses, but he that valueth honour so, shall read a lecture out of Apuleius' *Golden Ass* to learn him more wit. But now, sir, by your leave, a blow with your next argument, which is that merchants hazard their goods and

lives to be acquainted with your mastership. Indeed you are awry, for wise men frequent marts for profit, not for pride, unless it be some that by wearing of velvet breeches and apparel too high for their calling have proved bankrupts in their youth, and have been glad in their age to desire my acquaintance and to truss up their tails in homespun russet; whereas thou dost object the valour of hardy soldiers to grow for the desire of brave apparel, 'tis false, and I know if any were present, they would prove upon thy bones that thou wert a liar, for their country's good, the prince's service, the defence of their friends, the hope of favour is the final end of their resolutions, esteeming not only them but the world's glory fickle, transitory, & inconstant. Shall I fetch from thine own country weapons to wound thyself withal? What sayest thou to Cincinnatus? was he not called to be dictator from the plow, and after many victories, what, did he jet up and down the court in costly garments and velvet breeches? No, he despised dignity, contemned vainglory and pride, and returned again to his quiet contented life in the country. How much did Caius Fabricius value their [sic?], Numa Pompilius, Scaevola, Sciopio, Epaminondas, Aristides? they held themselves worms' meat, and counted pride vanity, and yet thou art not ashamed to say thou art the end of soldiers' worthy honour. I tell thee, saucy skipjack, it was a good and a blessed time here in England when K. Stephen wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly; then did he count Westminster Hall too little to be his dining-chamber, & his alms was not bare bones instead of broken meat, but lusty chines of beef fell into the poor men's basket. Then charity flourished in the court, and young courtiers strove to exceed one another in virtue, not in bravery; they rode not with fans to ward their faces from the wind, but with burgonet to resist the stroke of a battle-axe; they could then better exhort a soldier to armour than court a lady with amoret; they caused the trumpet to sound them points of war, not poets to write them wanton elegies of love; they sought after honourable fame, but hunted not after fading honour, which distinction by the way take thus. There be some that seek honour, and some are sought after by honour. Such upstarts as fetch their pedigree from their father's ancient leather apron, and creep into the court with great humility, ready at the first *Basciare li piedi di la vostra signoria*, having gotten the countenance of some nobleman will straight be akindred to Cadwaller and swear his great-grandmother was one of the burgesses of the parliament house, will at last steal by degrees into some credit by their double diligence, and then wind some worshipful place as far as a hungry sow can smell a sir-reverence, and then with all their friends seek day and night with coin and countenance till they have got it. Others there be whom honour itself seeks, and such be they whom virtue doth frame fit for that purpose, that rising by high deserts, as learning or valour, merit more than either they look for or their prince hath any ease conveniently to bestow on them. Such honour seeks, & they with a blushing conscience entertain him; be they never so high in favour, yet they beg no office as the shameless upstart doth, that hath a hungry eye to spy out, an impudent face to sue, and a flattering tongue to entreat for some void place of worship which little belonged to them if the prince intended to bestow offices for virtue, not favour. Other master velvet-breeches there be of your crew that pinch their bellies to polish their backs, that keep their maws empty to fill their purses, that have no show of gentility but a velvet slop, who by polling or selling of land that their father left will bestow all to buy an office about the court that they may be worshipful, extorting from the poor to raise up their money that the base deceiving companions have laid out to have an office of some countenance and

credit, wherein they may have of me [sic] better than themselves betermed by the name of worship. The last whom virtue pleadeth for, and neither silver, gold, friends, nor favour advanceth, be men of great worth such as are thought of worship, and unwillingly entertain her, rather vouchsafing proffered honour for their country's cause than for any proud opinion of hoped-for preferment.

Blessed are such lands whose officers are so placed, and where the prince promoteth not for coin nor countenance, but for his worthy deserving virtues. But leaving this by-talk, methought I heard you say, Signor Velvet-breeches, that you were the father of mechanical arts, & handicrafts were found out to foster your bravery. In faith, goodman goose-cap, you that are come from the startups, and therefore is called an upstart, quasi startup from clouted-shoon, your lips hung in your light when you brought forth this logic, for I hope there is none so simple but knows that handicrafts and occupations grew for necessity, not pride, that men's inventions waxed sharp to profit the commonwealth, not to prank up themselves in bravery. I pray you, when Tubalcain invented tempering of metals, had he velvet breeches to wear? In sadness, where was your worship when his brother found out the accords & discords of music hidden in hell, and not yet thought on by the devil to call forth as a bait to bring many proud fools to ruin?

Indeed I cannot deny but your worship hath brought in deceit as a journeyman into all companies, and made that a subtle craft which while I was holden in esteem was but a simple mystery; now every trade hath his sleights to slubber up his work to the eye and to make it good to the sale, howsoever it proves in the wearing. The shoemaker cares not if his shoes hold the drawing on, the tailor sews with hot needle and burnt thread. Tush, pride hath banished conscience, and velvet breeches honesty, and every servile drudge must ruffle in his silks or else he is not suitable.

The world was not so *a principio*, for when velvet was worn but in kings' caps, then conscience was not a broom-man in Kent Street but a courtier, then the farmer was content his son should hold the plow, and live as he had done before; beggars then feared to aspire, and the higher sort scorned to envy. Now every lout must have his son a courtnoll, and those dunghill drudges wax so proud that they will presume to wear on their feet what kings have worn on their heads. A clown's son must be clapped in a velvet pantofle & a velvet breech, though the presumptuous ass be drowned in the mercer's book and make a convey of all his lands to the usurer for commodities; yea, the fop must go like a gallant for awhile, although at last in his age he beg. But indeed such young youths, when the broker hath blessed them with Saint Needam's cross, fall then to privy lifts and cozenages, and when their credit is utterly cracked, they practise some bad shift, and so come to a shameful end.

Lastly, whereas thou sayest thou art a severe censor to punish sins, as austere as Cato to correct vice, of truth I hold thee so in penal statutes when thou hast begged the forfeit of the prince, but such correction is open extortion and oppression of the poor, nor can I compare it better, Master Velvet-breech, than to the wolf chastising the lamb for disturbing the fountain, or the devil casting forth devils through the power of Beelzebub. And thus much, courteous sir, I have said to display the follies of mine adversary, and to

show the right of mine own interest. Why then, quoth I, if you have both said, it resteth but that we had some to empanel upon a jury, and then no doubt but the verdict would soon be given on one side. As thus I was talking to them I might see coming down the hill a brave dapper dick quaintly attired in velvet and satin, and a cloak of cloth-rash, with a cambric ruff as smoothly set, and he as neatly sponged as if he had been a bridegroom, only I guessed by his pace afar off he should be a tailor, his head was holden up so pert and his legs shackle-hammed as if his knees had been laced to his thighs with points. Coming more near indeed I spied a tailor's morris-pike on his breast, a Spanish needle, and then I fitted my salutations not to his suits but to his trade, and encountered him by a threadbare courtesy, as if I had not known him, and asked him of what occupation he was. A tailor, quoth he; marry, then my friend, quoth I, you are the more welcome, for here is a great quarrel grown betwixt Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches for their prerogative in England; the matter is grown to an issue; there must a jury be empanelled, and I would desire and entreat you to be one of the quest.

Not so, quoth Cloth-breeches, I challenge him. And why, quoth I? What reason have you; doth he not make them both? yes, quoth he, but his gains is not alike; alas, by me he getteth small; only he is paid for his workmanship unless by misfortune his sheers slip awry, and then his vails is but a shred of homespun cloth, whereas in making of velvet breeches, where there is required silk lace, cloth of gold, of silver, and such costly stuff to welt, guard, whip-stitch, edge, face, and draw out that the vails of one velvet breech is more than twenty pair of mine, I hope there is no tailor so precise but he can play the cook and lick his own fingers; though he look up to heaven, yet he can cast large shreds of such rich stuff into hell under his shop-board. Beside, he sets down like the Clerk of the Check a large bill of reckonings, which for he keeps long in his pocket he so powders for stinking that the young upstart that needs it feels it salt in his stomach a month after. Beside, sir, Velvet-breeches hath advanced him, for whereas in my time he was counted but goodman tailor, now he is grown, since Velvet-breeches came in, to be called a merchant or gentlemen merchant-tailor, giving arms and the holy Lamb in his crest, where before he had no other cognizance but a plain Spanish needle with a Welsh cricket on the top; sith then his gain is so great and his honour so advanced by Velvet-breeches, I will not trust his conscience, nor shall he come upon my jury.

Indeed you have some reason, quoth I, but perhaps the tailor doth this upon mere devotion to punish pride, and having no other authority nor mean, thinks it best to pinch them by the purse and make them pay well, as to ask twice so much silk lace and other stuff as would suffice, and yet to overreach my young master with a bill of reckonings that will make him scratch where it itcheth not. Herein I hold the tailor for a necessary member to teach young novices the way to Weeping Cross, that when they have wasted what their fathers left them by pride, they may grow sparing and humble by inferred poverty, and by this reason the tailor plays God's part; he exalteth the poor and pulleth down the proud, for of a wealthy esquire's son he makes a threadbare beggar, and of a scornful tailor he sets up an upstart scurvy gentleman. Yet seeing you have made a reasonable challenge to him, the tailor shall be none of the quest.

As I bade him stand by, there was coming amongst the valley towards us a square-set fellow well fed and as briskly apparelled in a black taffeta doublet and a spruce leather jerkin with crystal buttons, a cloak faced afore with velvet, and a Coventry cap of the finest wool, his face something ruby-blush, cherry-cheeked, like a shred of scarlet, or a little darker, like the lees of old claret wine; a nose autem nose purpled preciously with pearl and stone like a counterfeit work, and between the filthy rheumy cast of his blood-shotten snout there appeared small holes whereat two worms' heads peeped as if they meant by their appearance to preach and show the antiquity and ancienty of his house.

This fiery-faced churl had upon his fingers as many gold rings as would furnish a goldsmith's shop, or beseem a pander of long profession to wear. Wondering what companion this should be, I inquired of what occupation; marry, sir, quoth he, a broker; why do you ask; have you any pawns at my house? No, quoth I, nor by the help of God never will have, but the reason is to have you upon a jury. At this word, before I could enter my discourse unto him, Velvet-breeches start up and swore he should be none of the quest, for he would challenge him. And why, quoth I, what know you by him? This base churl is one of the moths of the commonwealth, beside he is the spoil of young gentlemen, a bloodsucker of the poor, as thirsty as a horse-leech that will never leave drinking while he burst, a knave that hath interest in the leases of forty bawdy-houses, a receiver for lifts, and a dishonourable supporter for cut-purses; to conclude, he was gotten by an incubus, a he-devil, and brought forth by an overworn refuse that had spent her youth under the ruins of Bowby's barn.

O monstrous invective, quoth I; what reason have ye to be thus bitter against him? Oh the villain, quoth he, is the devil's factor, sent from hell to torment young gentlemen upon earth; he hath fetched me over in his time, only in pawns, in ten thousand pound in gold. Suppose as gentlemen, through their liberal minds, may want that I need, money; let me come to him with a pawn worth ten pound, he will not lend upon it above three pound, and he will have a bill of sale and twelve-pence in the pound for every month, so that it comes to sixteen pence sith the bill must monthly be renewed, and if you break but your day set down in the bill of sale, your pawn is lost as full bought and sold, you turned out of your goods, and he an unconscionable gainer. Suppose the best, you keep your day, yet paying sixteen pence a month for twenty shillings you pay as good for the loan as fourscore in the hundred; is not this monstrous exacting upon gentlemen? Beside the knave will be diligently attending and waiting at dicing-houses where we are at play, and there he is ready to lend the loser money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any other good pawn, but the poor gentleman pays so dear for the lavender it is laid up in that if it lie long at a broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twice. Nay, this worm-eaten wretch hath deeper pitfalls yet to trap youth in, for he being acquainted with a young gentleman of fair living, in issue of good parents or assured possibility, soothes him in his monstrous expenses, and says he carries the mind of a gentleman, promising if he want he shall not lack for a hundred pound or two if the gentleman need; then hath my broker an usurer at hand as ill as himself, and he brings the money, but they tie the poor soul in such Darby's bands, what with receiving ill commodities and forfeitures upon the band, that they dub him Sir John Had Land before they leave him, and share like wolves the poor novice's wealth betwixt them as a prey. He is (sir) to be brief a bousy bawdy miser,

good for none but himself and his trug, a carl that hath a filthy carcass without a conscience, a body of a man wherein an infernal spirit instead of a soul doth inhabit, the scum of the seven deadly sins, an enemy to all good minds, a devourer of young gentlemen, and to conclude, my mortal enemy, and therefore admit of my challenge and let him be none of the jury. Truly (qd. Cloth-breeches), & I am willing he should be discarded too, for were not bad brokers (I will not condemn all) there would be less filching and fewer thieves, for they receive all is brought them, and buy that for a crown that is worth twenty shillings; desire of gain binds their conscience, and they care not how it be come by, so they buy it cheap. Beside, they extort upon the poor that are enforced through extreme want to pawn their clothes and household stuff, their pewter and brass, and if the poor souls that labour hard miss but a day, the base-minded broker takes the forfeit without remorse or pity; it was not so *in diebus illis*, but thou, proud upstart Velvet-breeches, hast learned all Englishmen their villainy, and all to maintain thy bravery; yea, I have known of late when a poor woman laid a silver thimble that was sent her from her friends for a token to pawn for sixpence, & the broker made her pay a halfpenny a week for it, which come to two shillings a year for sixpence; sith then his conscience is so bad, let him be shuffled out amongst the knaves for a discarded card; content, qd. I, & bade the broker stand back, when there were even at my heels three in a cluster, pert youths all, and neatly tired; I questioned them what they were, and the one said he was a barber, the other a surgeon, and the third an apothecary. How like you of these (qd. I), shall they be of your jury? Of the jury? qd. Cloth-breeches, never a one by my consent, for I challenge them all; your reason, qd. I, and then you shall have my verdict [sic]. Marry (qd. Cloth-breeches), first to the barber; he cannot be but a partial man on Velvet-breeches' side sith he gets more by one time dressing of him than by ten times dressing of me; I come plain to be polled and to have my beard cut, and pay him twopence; Velvet-breeches, he sits down in the chair wrapped in fine cloths as though the barber were about to make him a foot-cloth for the vicar of St. Fool's; then begins he to take his scissors in his hand & his comb, and so to snap with them as if he meant to give a warning to all the lice in his nitty locks for to prepare themselves, for the day of their destruction was at hand; then comes he out with his fustian eloquence, & making a low congee saith: Sir, will you have your wor.' hair cut after the Italian manner, short and round, and then frounced with the curling-irons to make it look like a half-moon in a mist, or like a Spaniard, long at the ears, and curled like to the two ends of an old cast periwig, or will you be Frenchified with a lovelock down to your shoulders wherein you may wear your mistress favour? the English cut is base, and gentlemen scorn it; novelty is dainty; speak the word, sir, my scissors are ready to execute your worship's will. His head being once dressed, which requires in combing and rubbing some two hours, he comes to the basin; then being curiously washed with no worse than a camphor ball, he descends as low as his beard, & asketh whether he please to be shaven or no, whether he will have his peak cut short and sharp, amiable like an innamorato, or broad pendent like a spade, to be terrible like a warrior & a soldado, whether he will have his crates cut low like a juniper-bush or his suberches taken away with a razor, if it be his pleasure to have his appendices primed, or his mustachios fostered to turn about his ears like the branches of a vine, or cut down to the lip with the Italian lash, to make him look like a half-faced bawbee(?) in brass. These quaint terms, barber, you greet Master Velvet-breeches withal, & at every word a snap with your scissors and a cringe with your knee, whereas when

you come to poor Cloth-breeches, you either cut his beard at your own pleasure, or else in disdain ask him if he will be trimmed with Christ's cut, round like the half of a Holland cheese, mocking both Christ and us; for this your knavery my will is you shall be none of the jury. For you, master surgeon, the statutes of England exempts you from being of any quest, and beside, alas, I seldom fall into your hands as being quiet & making no brawls to have wounds as swartrutting Velvet-breeches doth, neither do I frequent whore-houses to catch the marbles, and so to grow your patient; I know you not, and therefore I appeal to the statute; you shall have nothing to do with my matter. And for you, master apothecary, alas, I look not once in seven year into your shop, without it be to buy a pennyworth of wormseed to give my child to drink, or a little treacle to drive out the measles, or perhaps some dregs [sic?] and powders to make my sick horse a drench withal, but for myself, if I be ill at ease, I take kitchen physic; I make my wife my doctor, and my garden my apothecary's shop, whereas queasy Master Velvet-breeches cannot have a fart awry but he must have his purgations, pills, and clysters, or evacuate by electuaries; he must, if the least spot of morpheus come on his face, have his oil of tartar, his lac Virginis, his camphor dissolved in verjuice to make the fool as fair, forsooth, as if he were to play Maid Marian in a May-game or morris-dance; tush, he cannot digest his meat without conserves, nor end his meal without succates, nor (shall I speak plainly), please the trug his mistress without he go to the apothecary's for eringion, oleum formicarum alatarum, & aqua mirabilis of ten pound a pint; if Mast Velvet-breeches with drinking these drugs hap to have a stinking breath, then forsooth the apothecary must play the perfumer to make it sweet; nay, what is it about him that he blameth not nature for framing, and formeth it anew by art, and in all this, who but monsieur the apothecary; therefore, good sir (quoth he), seeing you have taken upon you to be trier for the challenges, let those three, as partial companions, be packing. Why (qd. I), seeing you have yielded such reason of refusal, let them stand by; presently looking about for more, comes stalking down an aged grave sir in a black velvet coat and a black cloth gown welted and faced, and after him, as I suppose [sic?], four serving-men, the most ill-favoured knaves methought that ever I saw; one of them had on a buff leather jerkin all greasy before with the droppings of beer that fell from his beard, and by his side a skene like a brewer's bung-knife, and muffled he was in a cloak turned over his nose, as though he had been ashamed to show his face. The second had a belly like a bucking-tub, and a threadbare black coat unbuttoned before upon the breast, whereon the map of drunkenness was drawn with the bawdy and bousy excrements that dropped from his filthy stinking mouth. The third was a long lean old slaving slangrel with a Brazil staff in the one hand and a whipcord in the other, so purblind that he had like to have stumbled upon the company before he saw them. The fourth was a fat chuff with a sour look in a black cloak faced with taffeta, and by his side a great side pouch like a falconer; for their faces all four seemed to be brethren; they were so bombasted with the flocks of strong beer and lined with the lees of old sack that they looked like four blown bladders painted over with red ochre or washed over with the suds of an old stale dye. All these, as well the master as the following mates, would have passed away but that I stepped before them & inquired first of the foremost what he was; marry, qd. he, a lawyer; then, sir, qd. I, we have a matter in controversy that requireth counsel, & you are the more welcome. What is it? qd. he; marry, said I, whether Cloth-breeches or Velvet-breeches are of more worth, and which of them hath the best title to be resident in England. At this the lawyer

smiled, and Velvet-breeches, stepping forth, took acquaintance of him, and commending his honesty, said there could not be a man of better indifferency of the jury, when Cloth-breeches, stepping in, swore he marvelled he was not as well as the surgeon exempted by act of parliament from being of any quest, sith as the surgeon was without pity, so he was without conscience, and thereupon inferred his challenge, saying the lawyer was never friend to Cloth-breeches, for when lowliness, neighbourhood, and hospitality lived in England, Westminster Hall was a dining-chamber, not a den of controversies; when the king himself was content to keep his St. George's day in a plain pair of kersey hose, when the duke, earl, lord, knight, gentleman, and esquire aimed at virtue, not pride, and wore such breeches as was spun in his house, then the lawyer was a simple man, and in the highest degree was but a bare scrivener, except judges of the land which took in hand serious matters, as treasons, murders, felonies, and such capital offences, but seldom was there any pleas put in before that proud upstart Velvet-breeches for his maintenance invented strange controversies, and since he began to domineer in England he hath buzzed such a proud, busy, covetous and encroaching humour into every man's head that lawyers are grown to be one of the chief limbs of the commonwealth, for they do now-a-days *de lana caprina rixare*, go to law if a hen do but scrape in his orchard, but howsoever right be, might carries away the verdict; if a poor man sue a gentleman, why, he shoots up to the sky and the arrow falls on his own head; howsoever the cause go, the weakest is thrust to the wall; lawyers are troubled with the heat of the liver, which makes the palms of their hands so hot that they cannot be cold unless they be rubbed with the oil of angels, but the poor man that gives but his bare fee, or perhaps pleads *in forma pauperis*, he hunteth for hares with a tabor, and gropeth in the dark to find a needle in a bottle of hay; tush, these lawyers have such dilatory & foreign pleas, such dormers [sic], such quibs and quiddits, that beggaring their clients they purchase to themselves whole lordships; it booteth not men to discourse their little conscience & great extortion; only suffice they be not so rich as they be bad, and yet they be but too wealthy. I inveigh not against law nor honest lawyers, for there be some well qualified, but against extorting ambodexters that wring the poor, and because I know not whether this be such a one or no, I challenge him not to be of my jury. Why then, qd. I, his worship may depart, and then I questioned what he in the buff jerkin was; marry, quoth he, I am a sergeant; he had no sooner said so but Velvet-breeches leapt back, and drawing his rapier, swore he did not only challenge him for his jury, but protested if he stirred one foot toward him, he would make him eat a piece of his poniard. And what is the reason, qd. I, that there is such mortal hatred betwixt you & the sergeant? Oh sir, qd. Velvet-breeches, search him, & I warrant you the knave hath precept upon precept to arrest me, hath worn his mace smooth with only clapping it upon my shoulder he hath had me under coram so often; oh that reprobate is the usurer's executioner, to bring such gentlemen to Limbo as he hath overthrown with his base brokage and bad commodities, and as you see him a fat knave with a foggy face wherein a cup of old sack hath set a seal to mark the bousy drunkard to die of the dropsy, so his conscience is consumed, and his heart robbed of all remorse and pity, that for money he will betray his own father, for will a cormorant but fee him to arrest a young gentleman, the rake-hell will be so eager to catch him as a dog to take a bear by the ears in Paris Garden, and when he hath laid hold upon him he useth him as courteously as a butcher's cur would do an ox-cheek when he is hungry; if he see the gentleman hath money in his purse, then straight with a cap and knee he carries him to

the tavern and bids him send for some of his friends to bail him, but first he covenants to have some brace of angels for his pains, and besides he calls in for wine as greedily as if the knave's mother had been broached against a hosghead when he was begotten; but suppose the gentleman wants pence, he will either have a pawn or else drigs [sic] him to the Counter without respect of manhood or honesty; I should spend the whole day with displaying his villainies, therefore briefly let this suffice: he was never made by the consent of God, but his slovenly carcass was framed by the devil of the rotten carrion of a wolf, and his soul of an usurer's damned ghost turned out of hell into his body to do monstrous wickedness again upon the earth, so that he shall be none of my jury, neither shall he come nearer me than the length of my rapier will suffer him. Indeed, quoth Cloth-breeches, generally sergeants be bad, but there be amongst them some honest men that will do their duties with lawful favour, for to say truth, if sergeants were not, how should men come by their debts? marry, they are so cruel in their office that if they arrest a poor man, they will not suffer him (if he hath not money) to stay a quarter of an hour to talk with his creditor, although perhaps at the meeting they might take composition, but only to the Counter with him unless he will lay his pewter, brass, coverlets, sheets, or such household stuff to them for pawn of payment of some coin for their staying; therefore let him depart out of the place, for his room is better than his company. Well then, quoth I, what say you to these three, and with that I questioned their names; the one said he was a sumner, the other a jailer, and the third an informer; Jesus bless me (quoth Cloth-breeches), what a ging was here gathered together; no doubt hell is broke loose and the devil means to keep holiday; I make challenge against them all as against worse men than those that gave evidence against Christ; for the sumner it boots me to say little more against him than Chaucer did in his *Canterbury Tales*, who said he was a knave, a briber, and a bawd, but leaving that authority, although it be authentical, yet thus much I can say of myself, that these drunken drowsy sons go a-tooting abroad (as they themselves term it), which is to hear if any man hath got his maid with child or plays the good-fellow with his neighbour's wife; if he find a hole in any man's coat that is of wealth, then he hath his peremptory citation ready to cite him unto the archdeacon's or official's court, there to appear & abide the shame and penalty of the law; the man, perhaps in good credit with his neighbours, loath to bring his name in question, greaseth the sumner in the fist, and then he wipes him out of the book & suffers him to get twenty with child, so he keep him warn in the hand; he hath a saying to wanton wives, & they are his good dames, and as long as they feed him with cheese, bacon, capons, & such odd reversions, they are honest, and be they never so bad, he swears to the official complaints are made upon envy, and the women of good behaviour; tush, what bawdry is it he will not suffer, so he may have money and good cheer, and if he like the wench well, a snatch himself, for they know all the whores in a country, & are as lecherous companions as may be; to be brief, the sumner lives upon sins of people, & out of harlotry gets he all his commodity. As for the jailer, although I have been little troubled in prison to have experience of his knavery, yet have I heard the poor prisoners complain how cruel they be to them, extorting with extraordinary fees, selling a double curtal (as they call it) with a double jug of beer for 2 pence which contains not above a pint & a half; let a poor man be arrested into one of the Counters, though he but set his foot in them but half an hour he shall be almost at an angel's charge, what with garnish, crossing and wiping out of the book, turning the key, paying the chamberlain, seeing for his jury, and twenty such extortions invented by

themselves, and not allowed by any statute; God bless me, jailer, from your hen-houses, as I will keep you from coming in my quest, and to you, master informer, you that look like a civil citizen or some handsome pettifogger of the law, although your crimson nose bewrays you can sup of a cool cup of sack without any chewing, yet have you as much sly knavery in your side pouch there as would breed the confusion of forty honest men. It may be, sir, you marvel why I exclaim against the informer sith he is a most necessary member in the commonwealth, and is highly to the prince's advantage for the benefit of penal statutes and other abuses whereof he giveth special intelligence. To wipe out this doubt, I speak not against the office but the officer, against such as abuse law when they should use it, and such a one I guess this fellow to be by the carnation tincture of his ruby nose. Therefore let us search his bag, and see what trash you shall find in it; with that, although the informer were very loath, yet we plucked out the stuffing of his pouch, and in it was found a hundred & odd writs, whereat I wondered, & Cloth-breeches, smiling, bade me read the labels and the parties' names, and then examine the informer how many of them he knew, and wherein they had offended. I followed his counsel, and of all he knew but three, neither could he tell what they had done amiss to be arrested and brought in question.

Cloth-breeches, seeing me stand in amaze, began thus to resolve me in my doubt. Perhaps, quoth he, you marvel why the informer hath all these writs, and knows neither the parties nor can object any offence to them. To this I answer, that it being a long vacation, he learned in the roll all those men's names, and that they were men of indifferent wealth; now means he to go abroad and search them out and arrest them, and though they know not wherein, or for what cause they should be troubled, yet rather than they will come up to London and spend their money, they will bestow some odd angel upon master informer, & so sit at home in quiet. But suppose some be so stubborn as to stand to the trial, yet can this cunning knave declare a *tanquam* against them, so that though they be cleared, yet can they have no recompense at all, for that he doth it in the court's behalf. I will not unfold all his villainies, but he is an abuser of good laws & a very knave, & so let him be, with his fellows. I both wondered and laughed to hear Cloth-breeches make this discourse, when I saw two in the valley together by the ears, the one in leather, the other as black as the devil; I stepped to them to part the fray, and questioned what they were, and wherefore they brawled; marry, quoth he that looked like Lucifer, though I am black I am not the devil, but indeed a collier of Croyden, and one, sir, that have sold many a man a false sack of coals that both wanted measure and was half full of dust and dross. Indeed I have been a leger in my time in London, and have played many mad pranks, for which cause you may apparently see I am made a curtal, for the pillory (in the sight of a great many good and sufficient witnesses) hath eaten off both my ears, and now sir, this rope-maker hunteth me here with his halters; I guess him to be some evil spirit, that in the likeness of a man would, since I have passed the pillory, persuade me to hang myself for my old offences, and therefore sith I cannot bless me from him with *Nomine Patris*, I lay *Spiritus Sanctus* about his shoulders with a good crab-tree cudgel, that he may get out of my company. The rope-maker replied that honestly journeying by the way he acquainted himself with the collier, and for no other cause pretended. Honest with the devil, quoth the collier; how can he be honest whose mother I guess was a witch, for I have heard them say that witches say their prayers

backward, and so doth the rope-maker yearn his living by going backward, and the knave's chief living is by making fatal instruments, as halters and ropes, which divers desperate men hang themselves with. Well, quoth I, what say you to these, shall they be on the jury? Velvet-breeches said nothing, but Cloth-breeches said in the rope-maker he found no great falsehood in him, therefore he was willing he should be one, but for the collier, he thought it necessary that as he came, so he should depart, so then I bade the rope-maker stand by till more came, which was not long. For there came three in a cluster. As soon as they drew nigh, I spied one, a fat churl with a side russet coat to his knee, and his hands all-to-tanned with shifting his ooze, yet would I not take notice what they were, but questioned with them of their several occupations. Marry, quoth the first, I am a tanner, the second a shoemaker, and the third a currier; then turning to the plaintiff and defendant, I asked them if they would allow of those parties. No, by my faith, quoth Cloth-breeches, I make challenge unto them all, & I will yield reasons of import against them, & first to you, master tanner; are you a man worthy to be of a jury when your conscience cares not to wrong the whole commonwealth? you respect not public commodity, but private gains, not to benefit your neighbour, but for to make the proud princox your son an upstart gentleman and because you would marry your daughter at the least to an esquire that she may, if it be possible, be a gentlewoman, & how comes this to pass? by your tan-fats, forsooth, for whereas by the ancient laws and statutes of England you should let a hide lie in the ooze at the least nine months, you can make good leather of it before three months; you have your doves' dung, your marl, your ashen bark, and a thousand things more to bring on your leather apace, that it is so badly tanned that when it comes to the wearing, then it fleets away like a piece of brown paper, and whereas your backs of all other should be the best tanned, you bring them so full of horn to the market that did you not grease the sealers of Leadenhall throughly in the fist, they should never be sealed, but turned away and made forfeit by the statute. I cannot at large lay open your subtile practices to beguile the poor commonalty with bad leather. But let this suffice: you leave no villainy unsought to bring the blockhead your son to go afore the clown his father trimly tricked up in a pair of velvet breeches.

Now master currier, to your cozenage; you cannot be content only to burn the leather you dress for fault of liquor, because you would make the shoemaker pay well and you put in little stuff, and beside, whenas in backs you should only put in tallow hard and good, you put in soft kitchen-stuff mixed, and so make the good and well-tanned leather by your villainy to fleet and waste away, but also you grow to be an extorting knave & a forestaller of the market, for you will buy leather sides, backs, and calf-skins, & sell them to the poor shoemakers at an unreasonable rate, by your false retailing getting infinite goods by that excessive price, both undoing the poor shoemaker, and causing us that we pay extremely for shoes. For if the currier bought not leather by the whole of the tanner, the shoemaker might have it at a more reasonable price, but the shoemaker, being poor, is not perhaps able to deal with a dicker of hides, nor perhaps with a couple of backs, & the tanner will not trust him; then the extorting and cozening currier comes up with this: I will lend you for a day, and so pincheth him that he is scarce able to find his children bread. But well hath the prince and the honourable lords of the Privy Council provided by act of parliament that no currier shall buy leather, either backs or hides, of the tanner, so to bridle the extorting & forestalling cozenage, but craftilier and subtler hath the knave

currier crossbitten the statute in that he deals thus with the tanner: he makes him hold his leather unreasonably to the shoemaker, & so when he cannot sell it, he lays it up in the currier's house under a colour, whereas indeed he hath sold it him. Suppose this shift be spied and prevented, then compoundeth he with some knave shoemaker, some base rake-hell without a conscience, that neither respecteth God, the commonwealth, nor his company, and forsooth he is half with the currier, who letteth him have some hundred mark to lay out for leather every month, whereas he spends not in his shop a hundred marks worth in a year; so the shoemaker buys it to abuse the statute for the currier, and the currier by that means undoeth the other shoemakers; thus two crafty knaves are met, and they need no broker.

Now to you, gentle craft, you, mas shoemakers; you can put in the inner sole of a thin calf's-skin, whenas the shoe is a neat's leather shoe, which you know is clean contrary both to conscience and the statute. Beside, you will join a neat's leather vampey to a calf's leather heel; is not here good stuff, master shoemaker? Well, for your knavery you shall have those curses which belongs unto your craft: you shall be light-footed to travel far, light-witted upon every small occasion to give your masters the bag; you shall be most of you unthrifts, and almost all perfect good-fellows. Beside, I remember a merry jest how Mercury brought you to a dangerous disease, for he requested a boon for you which fell out to your great disadvantage, and to recreate us, hear a little, gentle craft, what fell to your trade by that winged god, As it happened on a time that Jupiter and Mercury, travelling together upon earth, Mercury was wonderfully hungry and had no money in his purse to buy him any food, and at last to his great comfort he spied where a company of tailors were at dinner with buttered pease, eating their pease with their needles' points one by one; Mercury came to them and asked them his alms; they proudly bade him sit down and do as he saw they did, and with that delivered him a needle. The poor god, being passing hungry, could not content his maw with eating one by one, but turned the eye of his needle and eat two or three together, which the tailors seeing, they start up and said: What fellow, a shovel and a spade to buttered pease? hast thou no more manners? get out of our company, & so they sent him packing with many strokes. Mercury coming back, Jupiter demanded of him what news, and he told him how churlishly he was used amongst the tailors; well, wandering on further, Mercury espied where a company of shoemakers were at dinner with powdered beef & brewis; going to them, before he could ask them any alms they said: Welcome, good fellow, what, is thy stomach up; will thou do as we do, and taste of beef? Mercury thanked them and sat down and eat his belly-ful, and drank well of double beer, and when he had done went home to his master. As soon as he came, Jupiter asked him what news, and he said: I have lighted amongst a crew of shoemakers, the best fellows that ever I met withal; they have frankly fed me without grudging, and therefore grant me a boon for them. Ask what thou wilt, Mercury, quoth he, and it shall be done; why then, quoth he, grant that for this good turn they have done me, they may ever spend a groat afore they can yearn twopence. It shall be granted, quoth he. Mercury, as soon as Jupiter had said the words, he bethought himself and said: Nay, but that they may yearn a groat afore they spend twopence, for my tongue slipped at the first; well, Mercury, quoth he, it cannot be recalled; the first wish must stand, and hereof by Mercury's boon it grew that all of the

gentle craft are such good-fellows and spendthrifts. But howsoever, none of those three, neither shoemaker, tanner, nor currier, shall be accepted to be of the jury.

As they went away with fleas in their ears, being thus taunted by Cloth-breeches, we might see where there came a troop of ancient gentlemen with their serving-men attending upon them. The foremost was a great old man with a white beard, all in russet & a fair black cloak on his back, and attending on him he had some five men; their cognizance, as I remember, was a peacock without a tail; the other two that accompanied him seemed meaner than himself, but yet gentlemen of good worship, whereupon I went towards them and saluted them, & was so bold as to question what they were, and of their business.

The most ancientist answered he was a knight, and those two his neighbours, the one an esquire, the other a gentleman, and that they have no urgent affairs, but only to walk abroad to take the fresh air. Then did I show them both Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, and told them the controversy, and desired their aid to be upon the jury. They smiling answered they were content, and so did Cloth-breeches seem to rejoice that such honest ancient English gentlemen should be triers of his title. But Velvet-breeches storming stepped in and made challenge to them all. I demanded the reason why he should refuse gentlemen of so good calling. And he made me this answer. Why you may guess the inward mind by the outward apparel and see how he is addicted by the homely robes he is suited in. Why this knight is mortal enemy to pride, and so to me; he regardeth hospitality, and aimeth at honour with relieving the poor; you may see although his lands and revenues be great and he able to maintain himself in great bravery, yet he is content with homespun cloth and scorneth the pride that is used now-a-days amongst young upstarts; he holdeth not the worth of his gentry to be and consist in velvet breeches, but valueth true fame by the report of the common sort who praise him for his virtue, justice, liberality, housekeeping, and alms-deeds, *Vox populi vox Dei*; his tenants and farmers would, if it might be possible, make him immortal with their prayers and praises. He raiseth not [sic?] rent, racketh no lands, taketh no incomes, imposeth no merciless fines, envies not another, buyeth no house over his neighbour's head, but respecteth his country and the commodity thereof as dear as his life. He regardeth more to have the needy fed, to have his board garnished with full platters, than to famous himself with excessive furniture in apparel. Since then he scorneth pride, he must of force proclaim himself mine enemy, and therefore he shall be none of my jury, & such as himself I guess the squire and the gentleman, & therefore I challenge them all. Why, quoth I, this is strange, that a man should be drawn from a quest for his godliness. If men for virtue be challenged, whom shall we have upon the jury? your objection helps not, Master Velvet-breeches, for if he be a man of so godly a disposition, he will neither speak for fear or favour; he will regard neither the riches of the one nor the plain poverty of the other, whereupon, sith you have made me trier, I allow them all three to be of the jury, and so I requested them to sit down till our jury was full, which they courteously did, although Velvet-breeches frowned at it, when I looking for more, saw where there came a troop of men in apparel seeming poor honest citizens; in all they were eight. I demanded of them what they were and whither they were going. One of them, that seemed the wealthiest, who was in a furred jacket, made answer that they were all friends going to

the burial of a neighbour of theirs that yesternight died, and if it would do me any pleasure to hear their names they were not so dainty but that they would tell them, and so then he began to tell me that by his art he was a skinner; the second said he was a joiner, the third was a saddler, the fourth a waterman, the fifth was a cutler, the sixth was a bellows-mender, the seventh a plasterer, and the eighth a printer. In good time, quoth I; it is commendable when neighbours love so well together, but if your speed be not overmuch, I must request you to be of a jury; so I discoursed unto them the controversy between Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, and to what issue it must grow by a verdict; they seemed all content, and I turned to the plaintiff and defendant and asked if they would make challenge to any of these. I scorn, qd. Velvet-breeches, to make any great objection against them sith they be mechanical men, and I almost hold them indifferent, for this I know, they get as much & more by me than by him; the skinner I use for furs, whereas this base Cloth-breeches hath scarce a gown faced once in his life, the saddler for costly embroidered saddles, joiner the [sic] for sealing my house, the cutler for gilt rapiers, the waterman I use continually, ten times for his once, and so likewise the plasterer; for the bellows-mender, alas, poor snake, I know him not; for the printer, by our Lady, I think I am some ten pounds in his debt for books, so that for my part, let them all pass. And for me too, qd. Cloth-breeches, but yet a little to put them in remembrance of their follies, let me have a bout with them all, and first with you, master skinner, to whom I can say little but only this, that whereas you should only put the backs of skins into facing, you taw the wombs and so deceive the buyer; beside, if you have some fantastic skin brought you not worth twopence with some strange spots, though it be of a libbet, you will swear 'tis a most precious skin and came from Moscow or the furthest part of Calabria. The saddler, he stuffs his panels with straw or hay, and overglazeth them with hair, and makes the leather of them of morts, or tanned sheeps' skins. The joiner, though an honest man, yet he maketh his joints weak, and putteth in sap in the mortices which should be the heart of the tree, and all to make his stuff slender. And you, cutler, you are patron of ruffians and swashbucklers, & will sell them a blade that may be thrust into a bushel, but if a poor man that cannot skill of it, you sell him a sword or rapier new overglazed, and swear the blade came either from Turkey or Toledo. Now, master waterman, you will say there is no subtilty in you, for there is none so simple but that knows your fares & what is due between Greenwich and London, & how you earn your money painfully with the sweat of your brows; all this is true, but let me whisper one thing in your ear; you will play the good-fellow too much if you be well greased in the fist, for if a young gentleman and a pretty wench come to you & say: Waterman, my friend and I mean to go by water and to be merry a night or two, I care not which way nor whither we go, and therefore where thou thinkest we may have best lodging thither carry us, then off goes your cap, and away they go to Brainford or some other place, and then you say: Hostess, I pray you, use this gentleman and his wife well; they are come out of London to take the air, & mean to be merry here a night or two, and to spend their money frankly, when God wot they are neither man nor wife, nor perhaps of any acquaintance before their match made in some bawdy tavern, but you know no such matter, & therefore waterman, I pardon you. And for you, plasterer and bellows-mender, I pass you over, & so do I the printer too; only this I must needs say to him, that some of his trade will print lewd books and bawdy pamphlets, but *Auri sacra fames quid non?* and therefore I am content they shall be all of the jury. I was glad there were so

many accepted of at once, & hoped that now quickly the jury would be full; looking about me, straight I might see one alone come running as fast as he could. I wondered what he should be that he made such haste, & the skinner told me he was an honest man, and one of their company, by his occupation a bricklayer. Oh, qd. Velvet-breeches, a good honest simple man; he hath been long in my work in building me a sumptuous house. But I challenge him, qd. Cloth-breeches, for he is a juggler. How, qd. I, can it be? see he goeth very homely in leather & hath his ruler in his hand & his trowel at his side, & he seemeth not as one that were given to such qualities; yes, qd. Cloth-breeches, he hath this policy: when he maketh a stately place all glorious to the eye and full of fair chambers and goodly rooms, and about the house perhaps some threescore chimneys, yet he can so cunningly cast by his art that three of them shall not smoke in the twelvemonth, and so spoils he much good mortar and brick. Why, qd I, the fault is not in the workman but in the housekeeper, for now-a-days men build for to please the eye, not to profit the poor; they use no roast but for themselves and their household, nor no fire but a little court-chimney in their own chamber; how can the poor bricklayer then be blamed when the niggardness of the lord or master is the cause no more chimneys do smoke, for would they use ancient hospitality as their forefathers did, and value as lightly of pride as their great-grandfathers, then should you see every chimney in the house smoke, and prove that the poor artificer had done his part. Why then, qd. Cloth-breeches, as you please; admit him on the quest. But what be those, qd. Cloth-breeches that come here so soberly? I hope they be honest men, for they look very demure; I will inquire, said I, and with that stepping to them I demanded their names, and very courteously the one said he was a brewer, the other a butcher, the third a baker, and the fourth a victualler. Hearing what they were, I was glad, guessing sith they were so honest substantial men that they would help to make up the jury, when Velvet-breeches with a grim and sour countenance gave them this challenge. I hold it not necessary (quoth he) that these have anything to deal in my cause sith I am at odds with them all at least in forty pounds apiece; for this seven years I have been indebted unto them for bread, beef, beer, and other victuals; then sith they have credited me so long, and I have had so little care to pay them, I doubt now they will revenge themselves and pass against me in the verdict. Nay (quoth I), the rather will they hold on your part, for if they be honest wise men (as they seem to be), they will be careful of your preferment, seeing the more highly they [sic] are advanced [sic], the more like are they to come by their own. If therefore you can object no other points of dishonesty against them, I see no reason why they should be put by. If you do not (quoth Cloth-breeches), then hear me, and I will prove them unfit to have any dealings here, and first for the butcher. I pray you, goodman kill-calf, what havoc play you with puffing up of meat and blowing with your pricker as you flay it; have you not your artificial knaveries to set out your meat with pricks & then swear he hath more for money than ever you bought, to sell a piece of an old cow for a chop of a young ox, to wash your old meat that hath hung weltering in the shop with new blood, to truss away an old ewe instead of a young wether, and although you know it is hurtful and forbidden by the statutes [sic?] to flay your hides, skins, backs with cuts and slashes to the impoverishing of the poor shoemaker when he buys it, yet I pray you, how many slaughters do you make in a poor calf-skin? Oh butcher, a long Lent be your punishment, for you make no conscience in deceiving the poor. And you, mast brewer, that grow to be worth forty thousand pounds by selling of sodden water, what subtilty have you in making your beer,

to spare the malt & put in the more of the hop to make your drink (be barley never so cheap) not a whit the stronger, and yet never sell a whit the more measure for money? you can, when you have taken all the heart of the malt away, then clap on store of water, 'tis cheap enough, and mash out a tunning of small beer that it scours a man's maw like Rhenish wine; in your conscience, how many barrels draw you out of a quarter of malt? fie, fie, I conceal your falsehood, lest I should be too broad in setting down your faults. And for you, goodman baker, you that love to be seen in the open market-place upon the pillory, the world cries out of your wiliness; you crave but one dear year to make your daughter a gentlewoman; you buy your corn at the best hand, and yet will not be content to make your bread weight by many ounces; you put in yeast & salt to make it heavy, and yet all your policy cannot make it [sic?] but you fine for the pillory; the poor cry out, the rich find fault, and the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, like honourable and worshipful magistrates, every day walk abroad and weigh your bread, and yet all will not serve to make you honest men, but were extremity used, and the statute put in the highest degree in practice, you would have as few ears on your heads as the collier. Last to you, Tom tapster, that tap your small cans of beer to the poor, and yet fill them half full of froth, that card your beer (if you see your guests begin to be drunk) half small and half strong; you cannot be content to pinch with your small pots and your hostry faggots, but have your trugs to draw men on to villainy and to bring customers to your house, where you sell a joint of meat for xii pence that cost you scarce six, and if any chance to go on the score, you score him when he is asleep and set up a groat a day more than he hath to find you drinking-pots with your companions; to be short, thou art a knave, and I like not of any of the rest; the way lies before you, and therefore you may be gone, for you shall be none of the quest. I smiled to see Cloth-breeches so peremptory, when I saw five fat fellows all in damask coats and gowns welted with velvet very brave, and in great consultation as if they were to determine of some weighty matter; drawing near I saw they were wealthy citizens, so I went and reverently saluted them and told them how we needed their aid about the appeasing of a controversy, showing them where the knight, esquire, and other stayed till we might find men to fill up the jury; they were contented, but Velvet-breeches excepted against four of them and said they were none of his friends that was the merchant, goldsmith, mercer, and draper; his allegations were these, that they were all feathered of one wing to fetch in young gentlemen by commodities under the colour of lending of money; for the merchant, he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, sugars, spices, oils, brown paper, or whatsoever else from six months to six months, which when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore & ten in the hundred, beside the usury. The mercer, he followeth the young upstart gentleman that hath no government of himself, and he feedeth his humour to go brave; he shall not want silks, satins, velvets, to prank abroad in his pomp, but with this provison [sic], that he must bind over his land in a statute merchant or staple, and so at last forfeit all unto the merciless mercer, and leave himself never a foot of ground in England, which is the reason that for a few remnants of velvets and silks the mercer creepeth into whole lordships. The goldsmith is not behind, for most of them deal with usury, and let young gentlemen have commodities of plate for ten in the hundred, but they must lose the fashion in selling it again (which cuts them sore); beside they are most of them skilled in alchemy, and can temper metals shrewdly, with no little profit to themselves and disadvantage to the buyer, beside puff-rings and quaint conceits which I omit. And so for

you [sic?] draper, he fetcheth them off for livery cloth, and cloth for six months and six, and yet hath he more knacks in his budget, for he hath so dark a shop that no man can well choose a piece of cloth, it so shadows the dye and the thread; a man shall be deceived in the wool and the nap, they cause the cloth-worker so to press them; beside he imposeth this charge to the cloth-worker, that he draw his cloth & pull it passing hard when he sets it upon the tenters, that he may have it full breadth and length till thread and all tear and rent a-pieces; what care they for that? have they not a drawer to serve their turn to draw and seam up the holes so cunningly that it shall never be espied? myself have seen in one broadcloth eighteen score holes torn, racked, and pulled by the cloth-worker only to please the draper and deceive the commonwealth. To be short, the cloth-worker, what with rowing & setting in a fine nap, with powdering it and pressing it, with shearing the wool to the proof of the thread, deal so cunningly that they prove themselves the draper's minister to execute his subtilties; therefore if he chance to come, let him be remembered. Now sir, for the vintner; he is an honest substantial man, a friend to all good-fellows, & truly my friend for my money, & worthy to be of the jury. Why no, qd. Cloth-breeches; I am of another mind, for I hold him as deceitful as any of the rest; what, the vintner, why he is a kind of necromancer, for at midnight when all men are in bed, then he forsooth falls to his charms & spells, so that he tumbles one hogshead into another & can make a cup of claret that hath lost his colour look high with a dash of red wine at his pleasure; if he hath a strong Gascon wine, for fear it should make his guests too soon drunk he can allay it with a small Rochelle wine; he can cherish up white wine with sack, & perhaps if you bid him wash the pot clean when he goes to draw you a quart of wine he will leave a little water in the bottom, and then draw it full of wine, and what & if he do? 'tis no harm; wine & water is good against the heat of the liver. It were infinite to rehearse the juggling of vintners, the disorder of their houses, especially of the persons that frequent them, & therefore sith Velvet-breeches hath put by the merchant, goldsmith, mercer, & draper, the vintner shall go with them for company. As these were going away in a snuff for being thus plainly taunted, we might see a mad merry crew come leaping over the field as frolicly as if they ought not all the world twopence, and drawing nearer we might perceive that either bottle-ale or beer had made a fray with them for the lifting of their feet showed the lightness of their heads; the foremost was a plain country Sir John or vicar that proclaimed by the redness of his nose he did oftener go into the ale-house than the pulpit, & him I asked & what they were & whither they were going; what are you, qd. the priest, that stand by the highway to examine me & my friends? here's none in my company but are able to answer for themselves; I seeing they were all set on a merry pin, told the cause and how the controversy grew betwixt Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, and that we needed them to be of the quest; marry (quoth Sir John), a good motion; know these all are my parishioners, and we have been drinking with a poor man and spending our money with him, a neighbour of ours that hath lost a cow; now for our names & our trades, this is a smith, the second a weaver, the third a miller, the fourth a cook, the fifth a carpenter, the sixth a glover, the seventh a pedlar, the eighth a tinker, the ninth a water-bearer, the tenth a husbandman, the eleventh a dyer, & the twelfth a sailor, and I their vicar; how could you, sir, have a fitter jury than me and my parishioners? you are a little too brief, qd. Cloth-breeches; are you not some puritan, M. Parson, or some fellow that raiseth up new schisms and heresies amongst your people? A plague on them all, qd. I, sir, for the world was never in quiet, devotion,

neighbourhood, nor hospitality never flourished in this land since such upstart boys & shittle-witted fools became of the ministry; I cannot tell, they preach faith, faith, and say that doing of alms is papistry, but they have taught so long *Fides solam justificat* that they have preached good works quite out of our parish; a poor man shall as soon break his neck as his fast at a rich man's door; for, my friend, I am indeed none of the best scholars, yet I can read an homily every Sunday & holy-day, and I keep company with my neighbours, and go to the ale-house with them, and if they be fallen out, spend my money to make them friends, & on Sundays sometime if good-fellowship call me away, I say both morning & evening prayer at once, & so let them have a whole afternoon to play in. This is my life, I spend my living with my parishioners, I seek to do all good, and I offer no man harm. Well (qd. Cloth-breeches) I warrant thou art an honest vicar, and therefore stand by; thou shalt be one of the quest, and for you, smith, I see no great fault in you; you yearn your living with the sweat of your brows, & there can be no great knavery in you; only I would have you mend your life for drinking, sith you are never at quiet unless the pot be still at your nose. But you, weaver, the proverb puts you down for a crafty knave; you can filch and steal almost as ill as the tailor; your woof and warp is so cunningly drawn out that you plague the poor country housewives for their yarn, and daubed [sic?] on so much dregs that you make it seem both well wrought and to bear weight, when it is slenderly woven, and you have stolen a quarter of it from the poor wife. Away, be packing, for you shall be cashiered. What, miller, shake hands with your brother the weaver for knavery; you can take toll twice, and have false hoppers to convey away the poor man's meal; begone, I love not your dusty looks, and for company, goodman cook, go you with them, for you cozen the poor men and country termers with your filthy meat; you will buy of the worst and cheapest when it is bad enough for dogs, and yet so powder it and parboil it that you will sell it to some honest poor men, and that unreasonably too; if you leave any meat overnight, you make a shift to heat it again the next day; nay, if on the Thursday at night there be any left, you make pies of it on Sunday mornings, and almost with your slovenly knavery poison the poor people. To be short, I brook you not, and therefore be walking. For the carpenter, glover, and water-bearer, the husbandman, dyer, and sailor, sith your trades have but petty sleights, stand you with Ma. Vicar; you are like to help to give in the verdict, but for the pedlar & the tinker, they are two notable knaves, both of a hair, & both cousin-germans to the devil. For the tinker, why he is a drowsy, bawdy, drunken companion that walks up and down with a trug after him, and in stopping one hole makes three, and if in convenient place he meets with one alone, perhaps rifle him or her of all that ever they have. A base knave without fear of God or love to anyone but to his whore and to himself. The pedlar, as bad or rather worse, walketh the country with his doxy at the least, if he have not two his morts dells & autem mortis; he passeth commonly through every pair of stocks, either for his drunkenness or his lechery. And beside it is reported you can lift or nip a bung like a guire(?) cove if you want pence, and that you carry your pack but for a colour to shadow your other villainies. Well, howsoever, you are both knaves, and so be jogging. Well, quoth I, suppose the jury is almost full; I believe we want not above three or four persons; look you where they come to make up the number, & they should be men of good disposition for they seem to be all of the country. As soon as they came to us, I met them and told them the matter, and they were content. The one said he was a grazier, the other a farmer, the other a shepherd to them both. What think you of these three? qd. I. Marry,

saith Velvet-breeches, two of them are honest men, but the other is a base knave, but 'tis no matter, shuffle him in amongst the rest. Nay, by your leave, qd. Cloth-breeches, I will shuffle out these two, for they are the very cormorants of the country, and devour the poor people with their monstrous exactions. And first I allege against the grazier that he forestalleth pastures and meadow grounds for the feeding of his cattle, and wringeth leases of them out of poor men's hands, and in his buying of cattle he committeth great usury, for if it prove a wet year, then he maketh havoc and selleth dear; if it be a dry year, then he buyeth cheap, and yet having pasture keeps them till he may come to his own price; he knoweth as well as the butcher by the feed of a bullock how much tallow he will yield, what his quarters will amount unto, what the tanner will give for the hide, nay, what the souse-wives were able to make of the inwards, so that he sells it so dear to the butcher that he can scarce live of it, and therefore what subtilty the butcher useth cometh from the grazier, so that I exempt him from the quest as a bad member, and an ill friend to Cloth-breeches. And for you, Mas. farmer, you know how through you covetous landlords raise their rents, for if a poor man have but a plow-land, if you see his pastures bear good grass and his earable ground good corn, and that he prospereth and goeth forward on it and provideth and maintaineth his wife and servans [sic] honestly, then *Inuidus alterius rebus macressit opimis, vicinumque pecus grandius vber habet.*

Then straight envy pricks the farmer forward, and he bids the landlord far more than the poor man pays yearly for it, so that if he be a tenant at will, he puts him out to beg in the street, or when his lease comes out he overloads him in the fine, and thus blood-sucketh he the poor for his own private profit. Besides, the base churl, if he sees a forward year, & that corn is like to be plenty, then he murmureth against God, and sweareth and protesteth he shall be undone, respecting more the filling of his own coffers by a dearth than the profit of his country by a general plenty. Beside sir, may it please you, when new corn comes into the market, who brings in to relieve the state? Not your mastership, but the poor husbandman that wants pence. For you keep it till the back end of the year; nay, you have your garners which have corn of two or three years old, upon hope still of a dear year, rather letting the weasels eat it than the poor should have it at any reasonable price. So that I conclude you are a cormorant of the commonwealth, and a wretch that lives of the spoil of the needy, and so I leave you to jet with the grazier. Marry, for the shepherd, unless it be that he killeth a lamb now & then, & says the fox stole him, I know little craft in his budget; therefore let him be amongst the honest men of the jury.

Well, Cloth-breeches, quoth I, you are very peremptory in your challenges; what say you, here comes 3 or 4 citizens; will any of these serve turn? I cannot tell, qd. he till I know their names and conditions; with that I stepped afore the company, and inquired what they were; the eldest of them, being a grave citizen, said he was a grocer, the rest his good & honest neighbours, a chandler, a haberdasher, a cloth-worker, and two strangers, one a Walloon, the other a Dutchman. How like you of these, quoth I to Velvet-breeches? well enough, quoth he, for I am little acquainted with them, yet I know they favour me because I have on a Sunday seen them all in their silks. Aye, marry, qd. Cloth-breeches, but they never get that bravery with honesty; for the cloth-worker, his faults were laid open before when we had the draper in question, and therefore let him be packing. For you, chandler, I like not of your tricks; you are too conversant with the

kitchen-stuff wives; you, after your wick or snaste is stiffened, you dip it in filthy dross, and after give him a coat of good tallow, which makes the candles drop and waste away, to the great hindrance of the poor workmen that watcheth in the night. Beside, you pinch in your weights and have false measures and many other knaveries that I omit, but this be sure, you shall not meddle in my matter; neither the haberdasher, for he trims up old felts and makes them very fair to the eye, and faceth and edgeth them neatly, and then he turvs [sic] them away to such a simple man as I am, and so abuseth us with his cozenage. Beside, you buy gummed taffeta wherewith you line hats, that will straight asunder as soon as it comes to the heat of a man's head. To be brief, I am not well skilled in your knaveries, but indeed you are too subtle for poor Cloth-breeches, and therefore you shall be none of the jury. Marry, the grocer seems an honest man, and I am content to admit of him; only take this as a caveat by the way, that you buy of the garblers of spices the refuse that they sift from the merchant, and that you mix again & sell it to your customers. Besides, in your beaten spices, as in pepper, you put in bayberries and such dross, and so wring the poor, but these are slight causes, and so I overpass them and vouchsafe you to be of the quest. But I pray you, what be those two honest men? qd. the grocer: The one a Dutchman & a shoemaker, the other a Frenchman & a milliner in St. Martin's, & sells shirts, bands, bracelets, jewels, & such pretty toys for gentlewomen; oh they be of Velvet-breeches' acquaintance, upstarts as well as he, that have brought with them pride and abuses into England, and first to the milliner. What toys deviseth he to feed the humour of the upstart gentleman withal, and of fond gentlewomen, such fans, such ouches, such brooches, such bracelets, such crants, such periwigs, such paintings, such ruffs and cuffs as hath almost made England as full of proud fopperies as Tyre and Sidon were. There is no seamster can make a band or a shirt so well as his wife, and why, forsooth? because the filthy quean wears a crant and is a Frenchwoman, forsooth. Whereas our English women of the Exchange are both better workwomen, & will afford a better pennyworth. And so for the drunken Dutchman; this shoemaker, he, and such as he is, abuseth the commonwealth and the poor mechanical men and handicraftsmen of London, for our new upstart fools of Velvet-breeches' fraternity liketh nothing but that the outlandish ass maketh. They like no shoe so well as the Dutchman maketh, when our Englishmen pass them far. And so for chandlers, and all other occupations; they are wronged by the Dutch and French. And therefore sith the commons hates them, they cannot be my friends, and therefore let them be launching to Flushing, for they shall be no triers of my controversy. Well, quoth I, now I suppose the jury is full, and we see no more coming; let us call them, and see how many we have. So they appeared to their names as followeth.

The names of the jury to be empanelled.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Knight | 13. Cutler |
| 2. Esquire | 14. Plasterer |
| 3. Gentleman | 15. Sailor |
| 4. Priest | 16. Rope-maker |
| 5. Printer | 17. Smith |
| 6. Grocer | 18. Glover |
| 7. Skinner | 19. Husbandman |

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 8. Dyer | 20. Shepherd |
| 9. Pewterer | 21. Waterman |
| 10. Saddler | 22. Water-bearer |
| 11. Joiner | 23. Bellows-mender |
| 12. Bricklayer | |

What, is it not possible, qd. I, to have one more to make up the four & twenty? as I was thus speaking, I espied afar off a certain kind of an overworn gentleman attired in velvet & satin, but it was somewhat dropped and greasy, and boots on his legs whose soles waxed thin seemed to complain of their master, which treading thrift under his feet had brought them unto that consumption; he walked not as other men, in the common beaten way, but came compassing *circum circa*, as if we had been devils and he would draw a circle about us, and at every third step he looked back as if he were afraid of a bailie or sergeant.

After him followed two pert apple-squires; the one had a murrey cloth gown on, faced down before with grey cony, & laid thick on the sleeves with lace, which he quaintly bare up to show his white taffeta hose and black silk stockings, a huge ruff about his neck wrapped in his great head like a wicker cage, a little hat with brims like the wings of a doublet wherein he wore a jewel of glass as broad as the Chancery seal; after him followed two boys in cloaks like butterflies, carrying one of them his cutting-sword of choler, the other his dancing rapier of delight. His comrade that bare him company was a jolly light-timbered jackanapes in a suit of watchet taffeta cut to the skin, with a cloak all-to-bedaubed with coloured lace; both he and my gowned brother seemed by their pace as if they had some suits to Monsieur Boots. At length coming near, I might discern the first to be a poet, the second a player, the third a musician, alias the usher of a dancing-school. Well met, master poet, qd. I, and welcome to you, friends, also, though not so particularly known. So it is, though none of you three be commonwealth's-men, yet upon urgent necessity we must be forced to employ you. We have a jury to be empanelled immediately, which one of you three must help to make up, even he which approves himself the honestest man. They are all honest men and good-fellows, quoth Velvet-breeches; therefore it is no great matter whether of them we choose.

The doctors doubt of that, quoth Cloth-breeches, for I am of a different opinion. This first whom by his careless slovenly gait at first sight I imagined to be a poet, is a waste-good and an unthrift that he is born to make the taverns rich and himself a beggar; if he have forty pounds in his purse together, he puts it not to usury, neither buys land nor merchandise with it, but a month's commodity of wench and capons. Ten pound a supper, why 'tis nothing; if his plow goes and his ink-horn be clear, take one of them worth twenty thousand pound and hang him. He is a king of his pleasure, and counts all other boors & peasants, that though they have money at command, yet know not like him how to domineer with it to any purpose as they should. But to speak plainly, I think him an honest man if he would but live within his compass, and generally no man's foe but his own. Therefore I hold him a man fit to be of my jury. Nay, qd. Velvet-breeches, I have more mind to these two, for this poet is a proud fellow, that because he hath a little wit in his budget will contemn and dislike us that are the common sort of gentlemen, and

think we are beholding to him if he do but bestow a fair look upon us. The player and the usher of the dancing-school are plain, honest, humble men that for a penny or an old cast suit of apparel []. Indeed, quoth Cloth-breeches, you say troth; they are but too humble, for they be so lowly that they be base-minded; I mean not in their looks nor apparel, for so they be peacocks and painted asses, but in their course of life, for they care not how they get crowns, I mean how basely, so they have them, & yet of the two I hold the player the [sic] to be better Christian, although he is in his own imagination too full of self-liking and self-love and is unfit to be of the jury, though I hide and conceal his faults and fopperies in that I have been merry at his sports; only this I must say, that such a plain country fellow as myself they bring in as clowns & fools to laugh at in their play, whereas they get by us, and of our alms the proudest of them all doth live. Well, to be brief, let him trot to the stage, for he shall be none of the jury. And for you, master usher of the dancing-school, you are a leader into all misrule; you instruct gentlemen to order their feet when you drive them to disorder their manners; you are a bad fellow, that stand upon your tricks & capers till you make young gentlemen caper without their lands; why sir, to be flat with you, you live by your legs as a juggler by his hands; you are given over to the poms & vanities of the world, and to be short, you are a keeper of misrule and a lewd fellow, & you shall be none of the quest. Why then, qd. I, you are both agreed that the poet is he that must make by the xxiiii. They answered both: He, and none but he. Then I, calling them all together, bade them lay their hands on the book, and first I called the knight, and after the rest as they followed in order; then I gave them their charge thus.

Worshipful sir, with the rest of the jury whom we have solicited of choice honest men whose consciences will deal uprightly in this controversy, you and the rest of your company are here upon your oath & oaths to inquire whether Cloth-breeches have done disseisin unto Velvet-breeches, yea or no, in or about London, in putting him out of frank tenement, wronging him of his right and imbolishing his credit; if you find that Cloth-breeches hath done Velvet-breeches wrong, then let him be set in his former estate and allow him reasonable damages. Upon this they laid their hands on the book and were sworn, and departed to scrutine of the matter by inquiry amongst themselves, not stirring out of our sight nor staying long, but straight returned, and the knight for them all, as the foremost, said thus. So it is that we have with equity & conscience considered of this controversy between Velvet-breeches & Cloth-breeches as touching the prerogative of them both, which are most worthy to be rightly resident and have seisin in frank tenement here in England, and we do find that Cloth-breeches is by many hundred years more ancient, ever since Brute an inhabitant in this island, one that hath been *in diebus illis* a companion to kings, an equal with the nobility, a friend to gentlemen and yeomen, and a patron of the poor, a true subject, a good housekeeper, and general as honest as he is ancient. Whereas Velvet-breeches is an upstart come out of Italy, begot of pride, nursed up by self-love, and brought into this country by his companion newfangledness, that he is but of late time a raiser of rents, and an enemy in the commonwealth, and one that is not any way to be preferred in equity before Cloth-breeches; therefore by general verdict we adjudge Cloth-breeches to have done him no wrong, but that he hath lawfully claimed his title of frank tenement, and in that we appoint him forever to be resident. At this verdict pronounced by the knight, all the standers-by clapped their hands and gave a mighty

shout, whereat I started and waked, for I was in a dream and in my bed, and so rose up
and writ in a merry vein what you have heard.

FINIS